Our Free War Insurance Scheme is now on page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 518 | SATURDAY MAY 6. 1916. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

2047054

For meaning of this number see page 23.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to herself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

for SOLDIERS SAILORS and CIVILIANS

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK & KHAKI Styles, as well as many other attractive designs.

6½d. each.

Sold Everywhere.

Ask For EXCELDA Soft Collars & Fronts

BE SURE you get EXCELDA See name on each handkerchief.

STEELE'S AD. SERV.

The Circulation of "John Bull" Exceeds 1,350,000 Copies Weekly.

Do not miss

this Opportunity

IT is a clever person who recognises an opportunity when it comes along, but a wise person who seizes it; do not miss this one—it is a unique offer to send to you—FREE—absolutely free—an illustrated book of 96 pages all about that most fascinating and lovable little person—Baby.

As you turn over the pages of this absorbingly interesting book, and gather from each page invaluable information and see the wise "old woman" hints, how to prevent or cure this or that ailment, you will be glad you sent for it, glad you have not missed this opportunity, glad you have such a wonderful book constantly in your house for ready reference. A Nurse writes:—

Memorial Hospital,
Mildmay Park, N.

Dear Sirs,—

I have read your Glaxo Baby Book with much interest and pleasure, and think it an up-to-date, safe, excellent and helpful book.

I have found Glaxo one of my biggest helps, especially with premature babies.

Wishing your Book all the success it deserves.

Yours faithfully,

——— Certified Midwife.

Paper is dear and getting scarcer day by day, so we cannot keep this offer open too long. Do not miss your opportunity—get a postcard at once and send it with your name and address for your copy—TO-DAY.

Glaxo

By Royal Appointment to the Court of Spain.
By Royal Appointment to the Court of Italy.
Awarded Gold Medal International Medical Congress Exhibition, 1913.
1s., 2s., 5s. *Tins, of all Chemists and Stores.*

"Builds Bonnie Babies."

45R, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

Proprietors—JOSEPH NATHAN & Co., Ltd., London and Wellington, N.Z.

13356

THE NEW TRIANGULAR

O-Cedar Polish Mop

With Adjustable Handy-Handle-Hinge 5/2

CLEANS AS IT POLISHES.

Gets into the corners and with an easy glide does in a few minutes every morning work that hitherto necessitated a special day.

FREE TRIAL for one week. Deposit the price with your dealer, and if not satisfied your money will be refunded. The same guarantee applies to the 4s. 2d. and 6s. 3d. Mops.

O-Cedar Polish and water used on your furniture nourishes the wood and brings out the beauty of the grain—it does not require hard rubbing.

Get the habit of damping your duster with equal parts of O-Cedar Polish and water, and use regularly as you now use a dry cloth for dusting.

Prices of O-Cedar Polish:
4 oz., 1s.; 12 oz., 2s.; Qt., 4s. 6d.;
½ Gall., 6s. 9d.; 1 Gall., 10s. 6d.

Channell Chemical Co., Ltd.,
41-45, Old Street, London, E.C.

"NUGGET"

BOOT POLISHES

1d 2d

4½d

REAL "NUGGET" BOOT POLISH
has the word "NUGGET" on each tin
"NUGGET" is the Boot Polish with the World-wide reputation for QUALITY.
Remember You Want "NUGGET"—Refuse Others.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 513. Week ending Saturday, May 6th, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Ireland.

"*All is not well with Ireland.*" How often have we used those words, always putting them in italics, on this page during the past year! And there may be no harm in now stating that we had in view the activities of the Sinn Feiners, and *that we specially directed the attention of Mr. Birrell to the matter on returning from our recent Irish tour.* How long *will* the country stand these politicians?

"Let the *King* Rule."

Our demand, made in our leading article last week, and emphasised again in this issue, has awakened a responsive chord in the public heart. Every mail brings us shoals of letters backing up our appeal to his Majesty. Perhaps they are best summed up, in a sentence, by Miss Helen Mathers, the novelist, who writes: "You are like the Ancients, who stole the best thoughts of poor writers; you have a way of voicing our thoughts. Up till now no great man has risen to the emergency of England's crying need—there is only one who by Right Divine is fit to do so. Shall we look to him in vain?"

Our Brother—Hun!

En route to Weymouth the other day we broke our journey at Dorchester, to have a look at the prisoners in the German camp there—driving through a fine avenue of trees which, by "the irony of fate," were planted by *French* prisoners of war a hundred years ago. We found a motley collection of Teutons—some quite young and not altogether dissimilar from ordinary human beings in appearance; but the bulk of them were surly, criminal-looking fellows, who followed our movements with a murderous leer. Perhaps they recognised us! And they were whiling away the happy hours playing football! What funny things you do see when you haven't got a gun!

Nobbling the Editors.

Nothing more lamentable could be imagined than Mr. Balfour's address to the London Editors. If you want to keep the people in the dark you not only threaten newspapers under the Defence of the Realm Act, but you cajole by private meeting. And the First Lord of the Admiralty is a past-master in cajolery.

A Wounded Soldier's Fortune.

Since awarding the first prize of £1,000 in our "Bullet" Competition No. 184, we have learnt that the winner, Mr. E. H. Climpson, of 73, Pevensey Road, Eastbourne, is a wounded soldier, who has lost his right leg, and an interesting feature is that the winning "Bullet" turns out to have been a joint effort of himself and another wounded soldier—with "a left leg that is practically useless." May this little windfall help to ameliorate the sacrifice they have made for their country.

Shoot Him—*Now*

What on earth are we waiting for, about this fellow Casement? Aren't we at war, and didn't we catch him red-handed in treachery to the King?

Tired Again.

Did you notice that remark of the Prime Minister's the other day, in reply to a question as to whether the House would sit on till Whitsun—"I think we all want a holiday"?

No Secrets.

Every one now agrees that the Secret Sittings were a complete failure, and we hope we shall not be sent to the Tower for revealing the secret that no secrets were revealed. The whole thing was a farce, and even *this* Government will not have the face to repeat it.

Anticipation?

Three Labour M.P.s, we hear, sat in the Peers' Gallery on the first night of the No-Secrets Sittings. Another went to sleep during the Prime Minister's speech! *What* a "crisis"!

Thick-skinned M.P.s.

What think the "gentlemen of the House of Commons" of the penalty of "penal servitude for life" for disclosing the proceedings of the Secret Sittings? A pretty compliment to "honourable" members!

For the Wounded.

That will be a splendid week at Queen's Hall for the Red Cross and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. It is called the "Clara Butt week," because the great contralto is giving of her voice and her energies to make it a success. Those six special performances—May 8th to May 13th—of "The Dream of Gerontius" should bring a handsome sum to help the wounded.

"Something Spiritual."

"Don't you think," Madame Butt asks us, "that people will be glad to hear something which is definitely spiritual; that it is time that art in England should try to express the new attitude of the English mind towards death and the life after death?" Yes, we do indeed, and the Clara Butt week will give us all the opportunity.

Mr. Hales' Article.

We regret that the usual article by Mr. A. G. Hales, which is such a popular feature of our journal, is this week unavoidably held over. We are, however, dealing with the prophetic references to the Mesopotamia muddle which have from time to time appeared from his pen.

Our Free War Insurance.

Particulars of our free War Insurance scheme will, commencing with this issue, be found on page iii. of cover.

Our Free War Insurance Scheme is now on page iii of cover.

An Innocent Abroad.

Herr H. L. Rosenfeld, "in charge of the foreign affairs of the Equitable Life Insurance Company," has been talking at a luncheon of the New York Chamber of Commerce "after eighteen months in Europe." He said that if England is counting on starvation as an ally to subdue Germhuny, she is living in a fool's paradise." He may take it from us that Britain does not expect to starve the Germhuns; she only wishes to make them feel a bit hungry.

The Old One Again.

This Easter some of our spiritual guides have been telling us the old, old story. One of them is a rev. gentleman of the name of Boys, who at a Cardiff vestry meeting informed his audience that he had "noticed that something happened whenever men proposed harm to God's Church, and the Welsh Church Bill was no doubt one of the contributing causes why God had allowed this terrible war." Some people believe everything they wish to believe; but even the Kaiser does not believe this one.

The Converted Sinner.

Much more credible, and much more edifying, is another clerical story, with the hero a parson worth any number of Boys—to wit, the Rev. E. N. Mellish, the Deptford curate who has just received the V.C. A very irreligious Cockney Tommy had been wounded, saved from imminent death by the curate, and sent to the base hospital. "Luk y'ere," he warned his mates afterwards, as they gathered round his bed, "I've got religion same es 'im now, an' if any bloke says a word agin our Church, I'll push 'is bloomin' face in."

"Remember the 25th."

Some correspondents have complained that Mr. Hales, in his recent article "Remember the 25th," gave all the praise to the Colonial troops and overlooked the soldiers and sailors of the Homeland. We would point out that the 25th was the anniversary of the landing of the Anzacs, and it was that phase of the Gallipoli campaign alone with which Mr. Hales had to deal. No one has a higher opinion of our Tommies and bluejackets than our contributor, as his writings prove, but Anzac Day was purely an Anzac affair. Does anyone begrudge them their praise?

The Coal-Heaver.

A correspondent, modestly calling himself "an ordinary coal-heaver," traverses the statement that young men are retained at naval bases to coal trawlers and mine-sweepers. At the base where he works most of the men are over military age, or have been rejected. To hand over their job to the crews of colliers would oust these men, many of them fathers, just to provide "overtime" for others. These coalies *do* work on Sundays, they get no commission or percentage, and have worked hard night and day in all weathers to "help to smash the Kaiser." It is a good cause; may they persevere and prosper therein.

Lawyers Still Booming.

As if we had not already enough lawyers on the premises, the investigators under the Government's scheme of grants in aid to soldiers and their families are to be lawyers also. Scores of barristers who have "got no work to do—oo—ooo" are to be cushioned in a new official job at salaries high above the incomes any of them could make at the Bar. The work of investigation could well have been entrusted to committees in the localities in which the cases for grants in aid arise—thus a substantial amount would have been saved to the Exchequer. That, however, is not the Government way. There is money to be spent, and posts to be created, and who more entitled to them than the briefless nominees of a lawyer Government?

The Enfield Wonder.

The Muddy-Minded Minister has cracked a new joke. Writing in his magazine, he says:—"When we object to military service we do not isolate ourselves from the men in the Army and Navy as men; we are more with them in their perils, sufferings and dying agonies . . . because we are more sensitive to our common humanity." Presumably he intends to be serious, yet it is a comic argument that the skulker is more with the fighting man the more he hides away from him. As an example of mud in the mind, it is one of Mr. Davies' best—and worst.

The Special Pleader.

The *Buchan Observer*, of Peterhead, mystified us the other day with a long tirade against patriotic Business men who are resolute not to renew trade with Germany. "Let it be granted," we read, "that Germany has behaved shamefully in the war, that she is bankrupt in moral principle and regardless of all the amenities which distinguish a civilised from a barbarous people. We must live and work alongside of them and we must be prepared . . . to renew our trade relations with them and let the dead past bury its dead." But we hear that Germany used to buy tens of thousands of barrels of salted herrings from Peterhead!

A Questionable Honour.

When a member of the I.L.P. was charged at Hereford with being an absentee without leave from H.M. forces, and duly mulcted in the sum of 40s., a local Councillor, Mr. Sid Wright, reared up in Court and said, "I should like to have the honour of paying the fine." Quite possibly he was permitted to cough up the cash; if so, an "honour" has been acquired by one not too well endowed with such distinctions. Mr. Wright is a Labourite who spent two weeks in Germany with a deputation shortly before the war, and returned with the news that the Huns were our best friends, eager to live at peace with all the world.

Old Tale, New Teller.

Thus saith a Clapham man: "For the past seven months I have been employed as a machine hand in a large Controlled establishment in a London district, and I state, and am prepared to give chapter and verse for my statement, that 25 per cent. of the hands could be dispensed with without the output being reduced one iota." In one form or another that tale has been told so often in JOHN BULL that now nobody disputes it—not even the Government. The arsenals, the munitions works, the Government offices, and, to an extent, big private establishments, have undoubtedly been used as playgrounds and hiding places for fit men of military age. Now signs are not wanting that they will have to unload.

A Sporting Offer.

"Sir," writes one of our readers, "the other day in the House of Commons, Mr. Pemberton Billing, the great air restorer, anxiously inquired whether or not it was intended to shoot Sir Roger Casement out of hand. Mr. Asquith's reply was that he was not in a position to answer the question. Remember the pretty case of the hon. member for West Clare, Mr. Arthur Lynch, and, being a sporting man from the skin to the core, I will bet Mr. Billing, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bottomley or any other great prophet or statesman, two Brussels sprouts to a mangel-wurzel that Sir Roger Casement will be no more shot than *they* will be shot; that, on the contrary, he will be solemnly tried, convicted, sentenced to death, pardoned by our Sovereign Lord the King, let out on hunger strike, elected for an Irish constituency at £400 a year in lieu of pension, and will eventually receive a good conduct medal and be made either Prime Minister or a Commissioner in Lunacy." No bet, and we *do* wish our readers would not frivol.

The Busy man's indispensable friend—the "John Bull" Pen.

Travellers.

The Imperial Dry Plate Company advertises in a journal devoted to photography, and boasts that it employs no travellers. No doubt the Company knows its own business best, and is entitled to its own opinion. But it should not publish that opinion in terms that refer to "those ingratiating and bumptious botherers of business life known as travellers." The remark is supposed to be clever, but it is merely abusive. The good work done by thousands of travellers gives it the lie every week-day.

One of the Canadians.

We hate to hear of a young Canadian soldier being admitted to the Brownlow Hill Poor Law Institution. He came from America to join—trained, and was sent to France. At Havre he was found to be suffering from consumption, and, after passing through two military hospitals, was received at the institution mentioned. Unfortunately, he is now too ill to be removed, and our earnest hope is that some person, or body of persons, interested in the heroes of Canada will see to it that all is done that can be done for this man who came a long way—for us.

Tom Tiddler's Ground.

We must include the celebrated "Jennings Millions" among the unclaimed bank balances. The story has it that an official of the Bank of England confesses that £4,000,000 stands in the name of Jennings, waiting for somebody to come along and pick it up. At the other end of the scale is a Mr. Jennings, said to be the rightful one, with a perfect pedigree but no means to push his claim. He has "Power of Attorney"—from whom, goodness knows—to pay a trifle of £75,000 to anybody helping him to touch. It reads better than a yarn about buried treasure.

Spartan.

There is a lady on the Bermondsey Military Tribunal—how or why she got into that galley, goodness only knows—who has a way with her. The practice of London Tribunals generally is to grant a postponement of service until after the event to married men whose wives are expecting to be confined. When the Bermondsey Tribunal gave a decision in this sense, Mrs. Richmond stigmatised it as all rot, and told her colleagues that married men would not get postponement because their wives were to be confined if she had her way. It is hardly a woman's point of view, and an inquisitive inquirer is anxious to know whether Mrs. Richmond has ever been confined. He had better address his question to the lady.

"Germhun Official."

By the way, the Spartan convictions of Mrs. Richmond rather remind us of some "Germhun official correspondence" in the *Buzzer*—one of those papers which Tommy produces "for the fun of the thing" in his spare moments from the trenches: "(1) Application for a Furlough for Landwehrman and Stretcher-bearer Meier.—'To the D.D.M.S., 3rd Bav. Div.: Sir,—I have the honour to request that a suitable period of furlough be granted to my husband, Stretcher-bearer Meier, so far as the exigencies of the Service will permit, in order that he may see his son, born last January, and also that he may contribute further to the fruitfulness of the nation at this time when so many lives have been lost. I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant, Hildegard Meier.' (2) 'To the G.O.C., 3rd Bav. Div.: Forwarded and recommended, Private Meier is an industrious and persevering worker. (Sd.) V. Sageknocken, Oberstabsarzt.' (3) 'To the D.D.M.S., 3rd Bav. Div.: Private Meier is granted 14 days' furlough. A report should be rendered in due course. (Sd.) Kress Von Kressenstein, Generalleutnant.'" The *Buzzer* does not explain whether it picked up this correspondence on the battlefield or invented it for the entertainment of Mrs. Richmond.

The Woman Worker.

That gross injustice may result from improper use of female labour is proved by a case from Coventry, at one of the biggest factories. The male worker concerned is 46, his two sons enlisted, and one is home again, broken in health since Loos. He has just been told by his foreman that "a girl is coming on to his job." While the workman was assimilating the fact that he was going to be discharged, the foreman went on coolly to suggest that the man should teach the girl how to do his work. And this after twelve years' service!

Unequal Punishment.

There was a field day at the South-Western Police Court, when dozens of people, mostly humble Wandsworth folk, were mulcted for showing light by night, some fines being 20s., many 40s., and others varying up to £5. But the Vicar of Haynes, Bedford, who owned "he knew the regulations, but—it was spring-cleaning!" got off for 10s. at Ampthill; and Lady Johnstone, of Cowes, whose windows showed a bright light overlooking the Solent at midnight, had but 20s. to pay. This unequal distribution of favours considers the pockets of the rich.

Altered Allotments.

About three years ago the working men of Scunthorpe, Lincs., were indebted to a gentleman who granted them a tract of land on favourable terms for allotments. The men have put their backs into the work and their money into the soil, but, now that the gardens are good ground, their hold upon their own is slipping. The yearly letting has taken place, and large slices of the allotments are now in the possession of professional and other gentry with fat salaries, while scores of working men are crowded out. Such proceedings are a slight on the memory of the late landowner, whose good deed is nullified by the land-grabbers.

A Suspect Stimulant.

Very hurt is the *Camberwell and Peckham Times*, because we asked whether it aided the free distribution of itself outside a chapel by a man who begged people to read the letter of a "Conscientious Objector" in its pages. We are glad to learn that "the proprietors had no knowledge of the distribution of copies in this way." That was all we wanted to know; we would bow and pass on, but the journal detains us by boasting, "We have used our utmost endeavour to stimulate patriotism." This impels us to inquire why the Editor allowed a correspondent in his columns to stigmatise Derby recruits—enlisted men—as "lazy slackers." That was a sorry "stimulant."

"What's in a Name?"

A general misconception, to which we confess we have been parties, exists as to the identity of Baron William Schroder, of Attadale, Ross-shire, Scotland, and The Cottage, Nantwich, Cheshire. This gentleman has been confused, even by the Government—to say nothing of Mr. Young, M.P.—with Baron Bruno von Schroder, the subscriber to the funds of the German Athenæum. Baron William first saw the light in this country, and is, therefore, a British subject. He was educated at Radley and Trinity College, Cambridge, and served in his Majesty's Army; re-entering the Service on the outbreak of war, he is now a captain in the 9th Lancers, at the Remount Depôt at Ormskirk. His sympathies have been clearly displayed in his generous contributions to patriotic funds, and his maintenance of a War Hospital. His wife, a daughter of Colonel Hopwood, of Hopwood Hall, Lancashire, has thrown herself heart and soul into the alleviation of the sufferings of our wounded Tommies, and we have much pleasure in clearing up the misunderstanding which has arisen through the similarity in names.

If you like "John Bull" you will like "Everywoman's."

For Home Fires Only.

We know now why East Grinstead Fire Brigade did not turn out to that fire in camp when a hut was destroyed. It is because the Council provides no horses for any fire outside the town area. The men complain that it discourages them when unable to answer such calls, but the Council is adamant, and tells the brigade they can resign if they wish. And we learn that, though they sent no engine to that camp fire, they did send one man, fully dressed, to look at it, and they now want £3 for "services rendered."

The Fishers.

Fishermen who have volunteered to serve their country have a little bone to pick with fishermen who have not. It is a fish bone. The men on drifter patrol, among others doing their duty, are sometimes greeted with laughter by those who are doing nothing of the kind. It nettles them to be taunted with the tales of the big money earned by the fishermen who are merely fishing. A year ago it looked as though the fishing industry must rest awhile, but it is now yielding considerable profit. The suggestion is that Government should take over the boats, so that nobody shall reap unfair advantage.

"Boys of Britain."

The big boy who wrote to us, complaining that he wanted to do something for his country, is advised by another correspondent how to "get going." This young gentleman, being 16 and standing 5 ft. 10½ ins., enlisted in an infantry regiment by giving 19 as his military age. He went under a necessary operation, his proper age was dropped upon, and the fine young rascal was discharged. Three days later he joined the R.A.M.C., this time telling the naked truth, and he is at present Ward Orderly in a military hospital. His only complaint is when some silly lady visitor thinks he is slacking in the R.A.M.C., and asks why he is not in a fighting corps—which is precisely where he, one of the boys of Britain, would prefer to be.

Story of the Socks.

From the Isle of Man comes a story aggravatingly comic. You have to picture, first, a nice young lady—some Sister Susie in real life—knitting socks for soldiers, and putting a little heart-throb into every stitch. When she finished a pair she wrote a kindly, cheery note, wishing good health and a safe return to the unknown soldier who might receive them, and adding her name and address. Then she packed them off to the Guild which meets at Villa Marina. You are to allow a few days' interval, and then imagine the lady's feelings when she got an acknowledgment of her gift—from an interned Germhun! The horrible Boche was so delighted by the young lady's work for him that he promised to call on her, as soon as he was released, to thank her in person! We believe the lady has taken out a gun licence and is buying a bull dog.

Spendthrift Southend.

The Borough of Southend has remarkable ways of spending its money. One of its Special Constables contracted pneumonia while on duty, and left a widow to the bounty of the Councillors. They, in the goodness of their warm hearts, granted her the large sum of five shillings every week for one entire year—£13 all told, to be paid in instalments. Another constable, during a Zeppelin scare, was ordered to see that all glims were dowsed. He made towards a bright light which glowed in the distance like a beacon, and, in the darkness, fell down a flight of stone steps near the pier. He fractured both arms, and it was four months before he got about again. After a long interval he was granted £25 as compensation, a sum scarcely covering actual expenses. Not being in paid employment he can make no legal claim and Southend boasts its open-handed generosity.

An Artful Customer.

Robert Boughton calls himself a Consulting Architect and Competition Specialist. He says he has eight daughters, and writes one firm asking for a costume, bill to be enclosed, his address being 6, Kepler Road, Clapham. Next, he writes from 94, Millwood Road, Herne Hill, also for a costume. Of course he sends no money, but he promises that his other daughters shall come and be fitted in "the usual way." The firm addressed did not accept the business in either case, bearing in mind previous references to Robert Boughton in these columns. They do not like his "usual way," preferring their own, which is, "Terms, cash."

A Bright Lad.

This from the Head Master of a Windsor Church School: "To-day was the diocesan inspection of my school by the Rev. R. de M. Nixon. Children of the ages of 8 and 9 were being questioned in their Old Testament work, and the word 'ruler' came in during one of the replies. The Inspector asked, 'Who rules England?' One said, 'King George,' and another 'The Queen'; but in each case they were told that was not the answer. Then one of the smartest lads in the class said 'John Bull.' You can imagine the surprise and the merriment this produced. I can assure you it was no haphazard answer, for the lad is intelligent, and I may add his father is prominently identified with the Labour movement here." *Of course* the lad was intelligent, and only "one of the smartest lads in the class" *could* have given such an answer!

"Sadly Missed."

It has been pointed out to us that the extract which we recently quoted regarding the decease of a lady who had, quite gratuitously, washed the altar linen and the Vicar's surplices, etc., and credited to the Alford (Lincs.) *Parish Magazine*, should have been attributed to the *Village Magazine*, a publication circulating in the neighbourhood—the Rev. Mr. Bailey who, as we stated, appealed for someone to carry on the "good work," being Vicar of Huttoft, Alford, and not Vicar of Alford itself, which position is occupied by the Rev. Canon Baron. To the ordinary lay mind, the names of the magazines, and the spheres of both the journals and the reverend gentlemen whose organs they seem to be, afford a puzzling problem, but, from latest intelligence, we can at any rate congratulate the Rev. Mr. Bailey on having secured another voluntary cleanser of the ceremonial linen, even although the cost would otherwise fall, not upon him personally, but on the church collections.

Money and Matrimony.

Whilst giving every credit to the Directors of the Capital and Counties Bank for the recent granting to the permanent staff, married before the outbreak of war, an advance of 10 per cent. where their salaries did not exceed £250 per annum in London and £230 in the country, we think their prohibition of the marriage of London employees with less than £225, and country officers with less than £175 a year, is open to criticism. A clerk enters the service of the Bank on the clear understanding that he may not marry until his salary reaches £200, and naturally counts the years and months he has to wait before achieving that minimum. In present circumstances, despite the happy anticipations of the lady of his heart and himself, the latest fiat of the Directors means a delay of at least two years in the nuptials. Under normal conditions £200 a year is not attained until the clerk is over thirty, so the hardship does not need embellishment. And this at a time when, in the interest of the State, it is imperatively necessary that the rising generation *should* arise. Why doesn't the Bank give a war bonus of £25 all round? It could afford to do so.

Don't forget our Free War Insurance—now on page iii of cover.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

To help our heroes in the field,
Where shells incessant crash,
Did Clara Butt divinely yield
Her silver notes for cash.

At such a time to gag the Press
The people feel is wrong;
When this is realised, we guess
It won't be muzzled long.

Scorned by the Kaiser whom he served,
This Irish cur must now
Meet with the fate he's long deserved—
Else there will be a row!

The visitors to Lowestoft
A gay time dropped upon;
While German muzzles at them coughed,
They placidly looked on.

Lloyd George Conscription has espoused—
For him a strange device;
His Welsh constituents, aroused,
He may find far from nice.

St. Birrell, being no St. George,
Attacks the foe too late,
Which belches forth its filthy gorge
Upon the startled State.

Our Blinded Boys.

If you would like to do one more act of patriotic charity, send a subscription to Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, St. Dunstan's Hostel for the Blind, Regent's Park, and ask him to forward you the report of the first year's work of that splendid institution.

"Blighty."

Apropos of our recent reference to the forthcoming publication under this title, it is pointed out to us that the origin of the phrase—so colloquial amongst the Tommies in the trenches—is that when the Indian soldier goes back to his country he says he is returning to "Bilatee"—which is as near as Tommy can get to the Hindustani word for "home."

Ye Men of Forty.

The poets are still about, Mr. Frank P. Carlton being one of them. Thus he: "Now then, all ye men of forty, It's no good your getting rorty, Take it in a manner sporty, If you get the word to go. Some at first they said 'You shouldn't,' Then they changed it to 'You couldn't,' Now they say 'Oh, well, I wouldn't'; Never mind 'em, join the show." But what's the rhyme to "forty-five"?

Victory Delayed.

Though the Bishop of Chelmsford has uttered his share of episcopal claptrap during this war, there is at least one of the eleven reasons he offered at St. Paul's why Britain's victory is delayed, with which we can agree: "the failure of the Church to win men." If, however, victory is now hastened by the success of the Bishops in drawing fat salaries, we will forgive and forget.

Wanted.

"Wanted," says a noteworthy advertisement in the *Plymouth Mercury*, "young woman at once; good reference; willing to do plain cooking and assist housework, while lady is waiting on cook-general." Can this be what the man in the street commonly calls "sark"?

Aliens and Allies.

Is it the fact that a Frenchman living in this country is subjected in the matter of travelling to the same restrictions as those imposed upon alien enemies? We know several loyal allies who were so disgusted with the nature of the questions they were called upon to answer that they abandoned their plans for Easter and remained in town!

Euclid Up-to-Date.

One of the "Euclidian propositions up-to-date" reproduced in the *Lyonian*, "the organ of the Lower School at Harrow," from the *Passing Show*, is that "If things are double the price of the same thing obtainable elsewhere, it is a War Office contract." On the other hand, if they are double the price of the same thing obtainable everywhere, it is a poor housewife's shopping expedition.

"Down Dover Way."

In the little matter of that tunnel on the Dover line which was left unguarded, we are glad to know that our cautionary remarks have not been without effect. There is now a military guard at each end of that elongated hole in the earth. The authorities might, however, proceed with their work, for the two ventilators we spoke about, which are situated in open fields, are still unprotected.

Perfect in every detail—the "John Bull" Pen.

For Home Fires Only.

We know now why East Grinstead Fire Brigade did not turn out to that fire in camp when a hut was destroyed. It is because the Council provides no horses for any fire outside the town area. The men complain that it discourages them when unable to answer such calls, but the Council is adamant, and tells the brigade they can resign if they wish. And we learn that, though they sent no engine to that camp fire, they did send one man, fully dressed, to look at it, and they now want £3 for "services rendered."

The Fishers.

Fishermen who have volunteered to serve their country have a little bone to pick with fishermen who have not. It is a fish bone. The men on drifter patrol, among others doing their duty, are sometimes greeted with laughter by those who are doing nothing of the kind. It nettles them to be taunted with the tales of the big money earned by the fishermen who are merely fishing. A year ago it looked as though the fishing industry must rest awhile, but it is now yielding considerable profit. The suggestion is that Government should take over the boats, so that nobody shall reap unfair advantage.

"Boys of Britain."

The big boy who wrote to us, complaining that he wanted to do something for his country, is advised by another correspondent how to "get going." This young gentleman, being 16 and standing 5 ft. 10½ ins., enlisted in an infantry regiment by giving 19 as his military age. He went under a necessary operation, his proper age was dropped upon, and the fine young rascal was discharged. Three days later he joined the R.A.M.C., this time telling the naked truth, and he is at present Ward Orderly in a military hospital. His only complaint is when some silly lady visitor thinks he is slacking in the R.A.M.C., and asks why he is not in a fighting corps—which is precisely where he, one of the boys of Britain, would prefer to be.

Story of the Socks.

From the Isle of Man comes a story aggravatingly comic. You have to picture, first, a nice young lady—some Sister Susie in real life—knitting socks for soldiers, and putting a little heart-throb into every stitch. When she finished a pair she wrote a kindly, cheery note, wishing good health and a safe return to the unknown soldier who might receive them, and adding her name and address. Then she packed them off to the Guild which meets at Villa Marina. You are to allow a few days' interval, and then imagine the lady's feelings when she got an acknowledgment of her gift—from an interned Germhun! The horrible Boche was so delighted by the young lady's work for him that he promised to call on her, as soon as he was released, to thank her in person! We believe the lady has taken out a gun licence and is buying a bull dog.

Spendthrift Southend.

The Borough of Southend has remarkable ways of spending its money. One of its Special Constables contracted pneumonia while on duty, and left a widow to the bounty of the Councillors. They, in the goodness of their warm hearts, granted her the large sum of five shillings every week for one entire year—£13 all told, to be paid in instalments. Another constable, during a Zeppelin scare, was ordered to see that all glims were dowsed. He made towards a bright light which glowed in the distance like a beacon, and, in the darkness, fell down a flight of stone steps near the pier. He fractured both arms, and it was four months before he got about again. After a long interval he was granted £25 as compensation, a sum scarcely covering actual expenses. Not being in paid employment he can make no legal claim and Southend boasts its open-handed generosity.

An Artful Customer.

Robert Boughton calls himself a Consulting Architect and Competition Specialist. He says he has eight daughters, and writes one firm asking for a costume, bill to be enclosed, his address being 6, Kepler Road, Clapham. Next, he writes from 94, Millwood Road, Herne Hill, also for a costume. Of course he sends no money, but he promises that his other daughters shall come and be fitted in "the usual way." The firm addressed did not accept the business in either case, bearing in mind previous references to Robert Boughton in these columns. They do not like his "usual way," preferring their own, which is, "Terms, cash."

A Bright Lad.

This from the Head Master of a Windsor Church School: "To-day was the diocesan inspection of my school by the Rev. R. de M. Nixon. Children of the ages of 8 and 9 were being questioned in their Old Testament work, and the word 'ruler' came in during one of the replies. The Inspector asked, 'Who rules England?' One said, 'King George,' and another 'The Queen'; but in each case they were told that was not the answer. Then one of the smartest lads in the class said 'John Bull.' You can imagine the surprise and the merriment this produced. I can assure you it was no haphazard answer, for the lad is intelligent, and I may add his father is prominently identified with the Labour movement here." *Of course* the lad was intelligent, and only "one of the smartest lads in the class" *could* have given such an answer!

"Sadly Missed."

It has been pointed out to us that the extract which we recently quoted regarding the decease of a lady who had, quite gratuitously, washed the altar linen and the Vicar's surplices, etc., and credited to the Alford (Lincs.) *Parish Magazine*, should have been attributed to the *Village Magazine*, a publication circulating in the neighbourhood—the Rev. Mr. Bailey who, as we stated, appealed for someone to carry on the "good work," being Vicar of Huttoft, Alford, and not Vicar of Alford itself, which position is occupied by the Rev. Canon Baron. To the ordinary lay mind, the names of the magazines, and the spheres of both the journals and the reverend gentlemen whose organs they seem to be, afford a puzzling problem, but, from latest intelligence, we can at any rate congratulate the Rev. Mr. Bailey on having secured another voluntary cleanser of the ceremonial linen, even although the cost would otherwise fall, not upon him personally, but on the church collections.

Money and Matrimony.

Whilst giving every credit to the Directors of the Capital and Counties Bank for the recent granting to the permanent staff, married before the outbreak of war, an advance of 10 per cent. where their salaries did not exceed £250 per annum in London and £230 in the country, we think their prohibition of the marriage of London employees with less than £225, and country officers with less than £175 a year, is open to criticism. A clerk enters the service of the Bank on the clear understanding that he may not marry until his salary reaches £200, and naturally counts the years and months he has to wait before achieving that minimum. In present circumstances, despite the happy anticipations of the lady of his heart and himself, the latest fiat of the Directors means a delay of at least two years in the nuptials. Under normal conditions £200 a year is not attained until the clerk is over thirty, so the hardship does not need embellishment. And this at a time when, in the interest of the State, it is imperatively necessary that the rising generation *should* arise. Why doesn't the Bank give a war bonus of £25 all round? It could afford to do so.

Don't forget our Free War Insurance—now on page iii of cover.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

To help our heroes in the field,
Where shells incessant crash,
Did Clara Butt divinely yield
Her silver notes for cash.

At such a time to gag the Press
The people feel is wrong;
When this is realised, we guess
It won't be muzzled long.

Scorned by the Kaiser whom he served,
This Irish cur must now
Meet with the fate he's long deserved—
Else there will be a row!

The visitors to Lowestoft
A gay time dropped upon;
While German muzzles at them coughed,
They placidly looked on.

Lloyd George Conscription has espoused—
For him a strange device;
His Welsh constituents, aroused,
He may find far from nice.

St. Birrell, being no St. George,
Attacks the foe too late,
Which belches forth its filthy gorge
Upon the startled State.

Our Blinded Boys.

If you would like to do one more act of patriotic charity, send a subscription to Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, St. Dunstan's Hostel for the Blind, Regent's Park, and ask him to forward you the report of the first year's work of that splendid institution.

"Blighty."

Apropos of our recent reference to the forthcoming publication under this title, it is pointed out to us that the origin of the phrase—so colloquial amongst the Tommies in the trenches—is that when the Indian soldier goes back to his country he says he is returning to "Bilatee"—which is as near as Tommy can get to the Hindustani word for "home."

Ye Men of Forty.

The poets are still about, Mr. Frank P. Carlton being one of them. Thus he: "Now then, all ye men of forty, It's no good your getting rorty, Take it in a manner sporty, If you get the word to go. Some at first they said 'You shouldn't,' Then they changed it to 'You couldn't,' Now they say 'Oh, well, I wouldn't'; Never mind 'em, join the show." But what's the rhyme to "forty-five"?

Victory Delayed.

Though the Bishop of Chelmsford has uttered his share of episcopal claptrap during this war, there is at least one of the eleven reasons he offered at St. Paul's why Britain's victory is delayed, with which we can agree: "the failure of the Church to win men." If, however, victory is now hastened by the success of the Bishops in drawing fat salaries, we will forgive and forget.

Wanted.

"Wanted," says a noteworthy advertisement in the *Plymouth Mercury*, "young woman at once; good reference; willing to do plain cooking and assist housework, while lady is waiting on cook-general." Can this be what the man in the street commonly calls "sark"?

Aliens and Allies.

Is it the fact that a Frenchman living in this country is subjected in the matter of travelling to the same restrictions as those imposed upon alien enemies? We know several loyal allies who were so disgusted with the nature of the questions they were called upon to answer that they abandoned their plans for Easter and remained in town!

Euclid Up-to-Date.

One of the "Euclidian propositions up-to-date" reproduced in the *Lyonian*, "the organ of the Lower School at Harrow," from the *Passing Show*, is that "If things are double the price of the same thing obtainable elsewhere, it is a War Office contract." On the other hand, if they are double the price of the same thing obtainable everywhere, it is a poor housewife's shopping expedition.

"Down Dover Way."

In the little matter of that tunnel on the Dover line which was left unguarded, we are glad to know that our cautionary remarks have not been without effect. There is now a military guard at each end of that elongated hole in the earth. The authorities might, however, proceed with their work, for the two ventilators we spoke about, which are situated in open fields, are still unprotected.

Perfect in every detail—the "John Bull" Pen.

I ACCUSE!

WANTED, AN IMPERIAL NINE—THE KING MUST RULE—AVENGE TOWNSHEND.

By the Editor.

"*I Accuse!*" Such was the title of Zola's great impeachment of those responsible for the Dreyfus tragedy. And that is the title which, after much hesitation, I am impelled to adopt towards those to whom before the war, and those to whom during the war, have been entrusted the safety, the honour—and, for aught we know to-day, the very existence—of the British Empire.

I Accuse, first, the Liberal Cabinet, and, secondly, the Coalition Government, of crass Ineptitude and gross Incompetence.

I Accuse them, jointly and severally, of betraying the British People.

Whilst Germany, for thirty years, was maturing and perfecting her plans for the present onslaught upon the civilisation of mankind, Politicians slept. Those who warned them of the coming storm were jeered at and insulted. "I am a good listener," said one of the smug band, "and whilst people talk of coming war, I smoke large cigars." That man should to-day be smoking in Hell.

Ever since the great catastrophe came, they have babbled and floundered. "Crisis" has followed upon "crisis"—whilst the blood of our best has painted crimson earth and sea.

No patriotic purpose would to-day be served by setting out, for the delectation of the foe, all the counts of the Indictment. Only in a Secret Session of the whole nation should that be done before the ghastly thing is finished—and then at least a score of prisoners shall, if I have breath within me, be arraigned at the Bar of Public Justice; there will be no question of "Opinion."

The duty to-day of every man who loves his country is to try and save his country. And there is but one way—*let the King rule.*

The Imperial Nine.

Yes, that is the solution—the Imperial Nine, sitting in daily, and when necessary nightly, Council, under the presidency of the King. The Crown must replace the Mace—the Throne must supersede the Woolsack. Let the King rule in Council; let Parliament be suspended for the duration of the war. Here is the Council—the Imperial Nine:—

A MILITARY MEMBER.
A NAVAL MEMBER.
AN AIR SERVICE MEMBER.
A MUNITIONS MEMBER.
A FINANCE MEMBER.
A LABOUR MEMBER.

And the Prime Ministers of the Three Dominions, *Messrs. BORDEN, HUGHES and BOTHA.*

The Council should be armed with plenary power to conduct the war. Each of its Resolutions should have the force of an Act of Parliament; but there would be no "Debates"—no "Questions"—no "Crises"—no "Orders of the Day," except Orders to get on with the war.

Come, King—your People call you. Never mind family ties—the King belongs to no family; not even to himself; he belongs to his Empire. You, Sir, can save us. Save Us—and God Save the King!

Some of the Counts.

But although this is not the time for the full Indictment of the Government, let us consider *some* of its counts. When one turns to the most pitiful tragedy of these tragic months, *I accuse* His Majesty's Government of placing political aims before military considerations. I declare that Ministers knew that the Mesopotamia gamble was entered upon against the deliberately declared opinion of their military advisers. Don't imagine that by military advisers I mean the hopeless mandarins of Whitehall—the makeshift "experts" of the War Office. I mean the men on the spot, those men whom in times past we have been told to trust—I mean the men who warned the Government that they were asking our gallant soldiers to enter upon an impossible task; yet they, in spite of that warning, insisted that the impossible should be attempted. Remember this, that the ghastly failure of Gallipoli—the mad ambition of a Minister who thought he could set aside, if not the laws of nature, the tried axioms of warfare, both naval and military—involved personal reputations as well as risked Imperial prestige. Who, I ask, has suffered for the gruesome error of the Dardanelles? Who has been made to pay the price of as criminal an act of folly as ever stained the record of an executive Government? The man who led the Cabinet into that enterprise of supreme stupidity is to-day still acclaimed in the House of Commons whenever he chooses to make a week-end trip from behind the trenches to the forefront of the Parliamentary benches; the soldier who messed and muddled what at best was the gambler's hazard has never been brought to account for his disastrous blunders; and the public, ignorant and misinformed, greeted him with the plaudits due to a victor, when he should have been received at least with the silence which is the discredited hall-mark of failure. Let there be no doubt of this: The Government, in covering up by garbled stories and glib excuses their own long and tortuous tale of failure, have been compelled in self-defence to shelter and shield the men who have added military incompetence to ministerial ineptitude. When the humiliating tale of death and tribulation is given up from the sandy and blood-soaked shores of Gallipoli, there is not a man either of Whitehall or the War Office associated with that grim episode, that tragic epic of failure, who will not bow his head before a nation's condemnation. Just as one sin leads to another, just as the pebble thrown into the pond extends its influencing eddies to the shores, so this sad story of Gallipoli finds its dramatic and its damnable

counterpart in the miserable tragedy of Mesopotamia. I have held my peace long enough. I have tried to support the Government when in my heart of hearts I had grave reasons for misgiving; I have made the best of a bad, mad Ministry because I realised the tremendous character of this world conflict, and sought to give support to the fighting men by implanting in the soul of the nation the courage born of confidence. But I say, here and now, that it is the craven's part to sacrifice the soldier's reputation to save the silken and miserable skins of the politicians. This Mesopotamia thing was the politicians' error, if they lack the courage to confess the fault, do not let them play the craven and put the blame on the gallant fighting men. The other day, Mr. Austen Chamberlain was guilty of adopting an attitude in regard to General Townshend (whose tragic fate, as I write, is just shaking the whole world which was unworthy of his own reputation and the great name he bears. The Secretary of State for India had the audacity to tell the House of Commons that General Townshend never complained to the Indian or the Home Government that he had been set an impossible task. Of course he did not. Mr. Chamberlain knows, or he should know, that military regulations would forbid anything of the kind. Such protests as were made (and when the time comes I have the facts and the material to frame a still stronger indictment than that which I am now advancing) were made through the proper channel—the superior officer. It is idle, it is foolish and worse—it is unfair and improper—to seek to deceive the public by stating that which may have been, in a literal sense, true, but was in meaning and effect palpably false. For the moment General Townshend, one of the bravest officers who ever held the King's commission, is past speaking for himself, but there are letters and documents which will bear testimony alike to his courage as a soldier and to his caution as a strategist. No man who has in his keeping the lives of thousands of other men, dare lightly undertake an enterprise predoomed to failure. On such a soldier the hand of responsibility rests with a heavy weight, and it is a poor and a shabby thing to pretend that an adventure entered upon after protest and with a full disclosure of the inevitable risks involved, was not a palpable, wicked and callous case of the soldier's reason overborne by the politician's plight.

THE MESOPOTAMIA TRAGEDY.

I accuse His Majesty's Government of using Mesopotamia as a set off for the gruesome and ghoulish failure of Gallipoli. I repeat that the Cabinet was warned that it was a forlorn hope, and I declare that in spite of the protests of the soldier, our wretched "statesmen" insisted that the gamble of Gallipoli was to be covered by a possible victory at Bagdad—a victory which they were warned was almost beyond human accomplishment. The callousness of it all, and the cruelty of the politician, are beyond belief. It was to precede the retreat from Gallipoli—the loss of prestige in the Dardanelles was to find its set-off in the triumph in Turkey. Man, the politician, proposes—but the God of Battles disposes and to-day the miserable tragedy of Mesopotamia is to be laid at the feet of His Majesty's Government, a "tribute" to personal vanity, to political ambition and to ministerial ineptitude. Throughout this pitiful business the politician has closed his ears to the truth—has buoyed up the nation with groundless hopes. When last November the Prime Minister made his first attempt to defend the Government's weak and vacillating conduct of the war, he spoke in trumpet tones of the wonders of the Mesopotamia campaign. But the wonders were concentrated on, and confined to, the doings of Townshend and his brave troops—there was only mischief in the miserable want of strength and concentration of the ministry. The Prime Minister could not disguise the disgrace—the politicians' disgrace—of Gallipoli. As a set-off he made play with Mesopotamia. What did he say? No one, he said, was more responsible than he was for the "initiation of this enterprise in the Dardanelles." Failure—hopeless, gruesome and deadly—had resulted. And so the boast of Mesopotamia, the wholly unwarranted claim of credit for Mesopotamia, this gallant fight of a small and brave force—a force which Mr. Hales in our columns has shown was criminally inadequate for its colossal task—was, in the words of Mr. Asquith, "an important and a highly successful campaign, which has not attracted the attention it deserves." Here let me say that the Right Hon. gentleman need have no misgivings on that score. If I have any influence or voice in the country, that campaign shall attract *all* the attention it merits. On that occasion Mr. Asquith told Parliament and the country that the object of sending to Mesopotamia a force which "originally consisted of only one division—the 6th—in the autumn of last year, was to secure the neutrality of the Arabs, to safeguard our interests in the Persian Gulf, to protect the oilfields (the Government was warned, when these fields were bought by Mr. Churchill, that they would be a source of weakness and *generally to maintain the authority of our flag in the East.*" Here you see the political gamble. Before we lowered our flag to the Turks in Gallipoli we were to wave it victoriously in the breeze before Bagdad. A pretty idea! But one hopeless of military accomplishment, having reality only in the minds of purblind and vain politicians. But what did the Prime Minister say with the object of boosting this foredoomed effort—destined to fail, but persisted in by the politicians to save their faces? "I do not think in the whole course of the war there has been a series of operations more carefully contrived, more brilliantly conducted and with a better prospect of final success. . . . General Nixon's force is now within measurable distance of Bagdad." *Five months ago* Oh! the callous irony of it all. Once more the ghastly blunders of the Government were hidden behind the gallantry of the officers and the dead bodies of our brave men. "Better prospect of final success"! The mockery of it—a fitting companion to that other idle boast so tragically misplaced, the boast of Gallipoli and the Dardanelles—"within a few miles of the greatest victory of the war"! Men who knew, men trained to military methods, experienced in the art of war predicted failure—declared the inevitable doom

OUR WARNINGS.

Mr. A. G. Hales for months past in the columns of this paper cried aloud for a true realisation of the position—pleaded with the Government to save Townshend from the fate of Gordon. But his appeals fell upon deaf ears. To quote his words, "a perfectly inadequate relief column was despatched, and the result so far is—failure." "For 130 days the authorities have let Townshend battle with destiny, while they sent troops up in shameful driblets." That was

less than a month ago—and this, on March 18th: "Townshend had only 14,000 men of all arms, and the Turks had five-and-a-half divisions to hurl at the British, and they did not spare them." But "had the British General been able to carry out his instructions—had he succeeded in getting into Bagdad—that place would have been the tomb of himself and his braves, for he could not have held it against the odds of five to one, and he could never have cut his way out." Townshend is no whimperer. He is a soldier. He did his duty to the last drop of blood, and if Fate had willed it, he would have died gamely that the Empire might live. But make no mistake—Townshend s fate will be avenged.

Out of Their Own Mouths.

The Government risked all on this gambler's throw—Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, it mattered not, so that cheap reputations were saved and miserable little offices were retained. But they shall share the ruined gambler's fate. I repeat that documents are in existence proving the criminality of those in high places—making it plain to all men that the soldiers' lives have been sacrificed to serve the interests of the politician. Think of the loss of the splendid fellows who have suffered the tortures of the damned through the lack of medical aid—yet in the whole course of the war, Mr. Asquith has the effrontery to tell us, there has been no series of operations "more carefully contrived." When the infamous tale of misery and slow death of the wounded is told, even the Prime Minister, facile as he is as a phrase-maker—past-master in the art of painting black white—will find it necessary to rack his brains to justify his flatulent and flamboyant description of the murderous muddle of Mesopotamia. Oh yes, we shall hear a lot about the bravery of our soldiers; of the heroic endurance of the wounded, neglected unto death: of the masterly strategy against fatal odds of Townshend and his wonderful staff. But not for all time will ministers be able to "shelter themselves behind the rampart of the dead." However much that accusation may enrage the lawyer-politician, it is a true bill—it is an indictment the nation makes in passionate solemnity, and it will have to be answered. The tragedy of Mesopotamia is the echo of a score of tragedies since this war burst upon a trusting and an unprepared people. Its joint authors are Indecision and Want of Courage. There is no aspect of the war, there is nothing that the Cabinet of Ineptitude has done, which has not revealed weakness and procrastination. Where the call has been for promptitude of decision and firmness of action, there we have seen delay and shuffling; whenever the peril of the moment has called for the strong arm of action, there we have had the weak hand of compromise. Go through the whole miserable catalogue, and on every count of the indictment the Government will be found guilty. On their own admission they were unprepared for war, although they knew and hugged the fact that war, if not inevitable, was probable. On their own admission, they pretended peace when the hounds were straining at the leash. They profess that they knew that Germany was preparing for "The Day"; they admit that for years a deep and dirty system of espionage had sunk down into the very roots of our social system; they plead guilty to knowing that Germany was only awaiting the hour and the opportunity to strike that blow for world supremacy which has bathed Europe in blood. All this they knew, all this they admit; and yet with callous and canting tongues they tell us that their existence as a Government is necessary for the safety, honour, and welfare of the Sovereign and his Dominions, and that any interruption to its career would be "a national calamity of the most formidable kind"! An end to such miserable humbug! If we are to have a truce—a real truce—let it be a truce from the tricksters and the politicians. I repeat that the only way to recover our Imperial prestige and restore our world strength is to rid the country of the muddlers and the meddlers. The King must rule. Let it be remembered that this is a nation which believes in kingship; we are a people who trust the hereditary ruler. The King is king of an Imperial democracy; he is head of the greatest, freest Republic the world has known. To him, whatever the politician may say, is committed the liberties and destinies of a mighty Empire. With the Imperial Nine called to his counsels, with the love and confidence of the People behind him, with the majesty and power his great position offers, all things are possible even now!

Ireland.

Then take the case of Ireland. *I accuse* the Government of hopeless, helpless Incompetence. Did ever Government look so contemptible in the eyes of the world as ours does to-day? *Everybody*—except the Government!—has known for months past that this storm was brewing, and, as mentioned on another page, the first thing I did on returning from my recent Irish tour, was to call the attention of Mr. Birrell to the treasonable campaign then being organised; but the amiable and benign old gentleman has gone on slumbering, to wake up occasionally for the purpose of indulging in one of those flashes of second-rate wit for which he is famous; and not until the rebellion actually breaks out and people's skulls are being broken—lives are being lost, and shops are being looted—does this egregious specimen of a minister go over to Ireland to "inquire" into the matter; with the inevitable result that the military authorities are immediately brought under the influence of the civilian Government, and nothing is done to quell the rebellion and teach the rebels a lesson. As I write, I have before me a dispatch, worded with all the solemnity of a military report from the Front, to the effect that "the operations for the suppression of the rebellion are proceeding satisfactorily." I read again that "the rebel headquarters *appear to be* the General Post Office." Just reflect! The suppression of the rebellion is "proceeding satisfactorily"—and yet the authorities cannot at present speak with certainty as to the locality of the rebel headquarters! We are then told that "sniping from houses still continues," and that "*the clearance of the snipers is a matter of time*"! I also read that the rebels have mounted machine-guns on some of the public buildings, although the Prime Minister confidently assured the House of Commons that no such guns were in their possession. Now what I want to know is, why, in the name of Heaven, haven't we brought up our own machine-guns, given the civilian population ample time to get out of danger and the rebels five minutes in which to surrender, and, failing that, blown them, and *every* building in which they are located, to Kingdom Come? What, in the name of

common sense, is the loss of a Post Office compared with a continuance of this ghastly, lurid spectacle of Government Ineptitude at which a whole world is to day marvelling? No wonder we are not getting on with the war—when we are apparently incapable of dealing with a handful of Fenians within our own borders! It is all very well for some of the papers to cry out "Birrell must go!" They must *all* go—every man jack of them. We have had enough of them. They have utterly failed in every aspect of this world-tragedy. And even in this twopenny-halfpenny affair our politicians are beaten. They were as much afraid of shooting the Dublin rebels as they were of shooting Sir Roger Casement. *What is the meaning of it all?* Think it over.

Muddled Ministers.

I accuse the Politicians of having made fools of themselves throughout the whole history of this war. Within a few months of its outbreak they were telling us that never for twenty years had times been so propitious for a reduction of expenditure upon the Army and the Navy! And on the very day that Austria declared war on Servia they were talking in the same strain! And when, at last, the storm burst, then minister after minister—I *can't* use the word "statesman"—confessed that he had been taken altogether by surprise. "We know *now*," said one of them, "that all these years Germany has been preparing to murder us in our sleep." "I know *now*," said another, "that ever since 1900, Germany has been building a fleet against the British Empire"! And so on, and so on. And then, unconscious of the irony of their confessions, these same men have actually had the temerity to pose subsequently as experts on the war! Lloyd George, for instance—although he has done his best to make amends—began by insulting the working-class population of the nation. "We are fighting three enemies," said he—"Germany, Austria and Drink; and the greatest of the three is Drink." Even the *Daily News* now admits the folly and the falsehood of that charge. Then, all unrepentant, this same politician—knowing, apparently, nothing of either Russian history or temperament—was led by the retreat from Poland to declare that our great Slav ally was "a spent force," and that she had made her final contribution to the war! Another minister assured us that the German navy would be "dug out" of the Kiel Canal "like rats from their holes"—and—as I have already said—later on, that we were "within a few miles (in the Dardanelles!!) of the greatest victory in this war"!—just as he had also told us that when the Zeppelins arrived they would be met by a "swarm of hornets." The Prime Minister himself described as "liars" all who said we had ever been short of munitions—just as he referred, as I have pointed out, to Mesopotamia as the one bright spot in the war! *The simple fact is that the politicians know nothing whatever about the war.*

The Recruiting Ramp.

I accuse His Majesty's Government of having deliberately trifled with the recruiting question; of having denied the Army its needs in the hope of maintaining that place without power which is the beginning and the end of all our tragedies and our troubles. Not to understand the temper of the People; not to know the real feeling of the country; to be ignorant of the forces at their command, and to be afraid to command when "I obey" should be and would be the answer of every patriotic Briton—that is a crime in a Government, and that crime I lay at the door of Downing Street, that ignorance and weakness I charge as the ignorance which brings doubtings and the weakness which risks defeat. Look at recruiting from any angle you like—from the point of view of the men who have to make the sacrifice, from the standpoint of our soldiers to whom is committed the task of defence and offence, from the position of responsibility of those who have constituted themselves governors who do not govern and rulers who fear to rule—and I say the indictment is summed up in those accusing words, "Wait and See." Never did a Prime Minister father a phrase more bitterly true, more pregnant with sinister meaning. Instead of trusting the soldiers and giving them what they demanded, the Government have toyed with the truth and dragged patriotism through the mire of Indecision. Throughout this war the People have led the Government; ministers have been the nervous and unwilling tools of newspaper agitation and popular clamour. They cooked figures to bolster up the bankruptcy of the Voluntary System; they faked the balance-sheet to trap the married men; and they made a call on the homes of the country under false pretences. Their path is strewn with broken pledges, and is littered with twisted words. Because they could not trust the People they have tinkered with the gravest of all our national problems; they have irritated the nation and misled Parliament; and to-day we find that still one more "crisis" is piled up on the heap of mess and muddle which rises daily higher and higher.

I accuse the Government—yes, even the House of Commons now joins in the charge—of playing the poltroon, of throwing back the recruiting problem into the melting-pot of Party controversy, and of re-creating another "crisis" at a moment of imminent peril.

Rally to the King!

And so I could continue. But the task is distasteful—it is nauseating. God knows that, if I so desired, I could rouse the country to-day to rise against the Government and all the Powers-that-Be. But I have no such desire. I want to see Britain win this war. I want to see the sceptre of our King proclaimed as the emblem of Liberty and Right. I want to see this sea of blood and tears dried up. I want to see the spectre of Teutonic militarism laid for ever. I want to see the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin races marching hand-in-hand towards the final milestone of human destiny—united in a great and sacred Covenant to keep the peace of the world for evermore. And it is only, and solely, because I feel that the present Government—and the present system of government—is the obstacle, so far as Britain is concerned, in the path towards that goal, that I to-day impeach them. They have had every chance—every opportunity. The nation has been the embodiment of patience. But a worm, we are told, will turn. Surely the People of Britain are more than worms. Then turn to the King. Rally round the Throne.

God Save the King!

PLUNDERING THE SHOPPER.

TRADESMEN NOT PLAYING THE PUBLIC FAIR.

By Theodore Thomas.

Patriot as she is from her extraordinary hat to her beautiful heels, the conclusion has been forced upon my missus that the tradesman is not playing the war fair. As I have been subject to the painful necessity of increasing her house allowance twice within three months, I am compelled to agree with her. From my own personal experience in shopping—and more than once I have done my bit by spending twopence on a tram ride and wasting a penny on boot leather in a conscientious effort to save a ha'penny a pound on fluky mutton or coriaceous beef—I am convinced that the British tradesman is shoving upon his customers his whole share of the war, and that day after day he is piling up his bank balance to retire on his ill-gotten gains. In my mind's eye I can see him living in marble halls with vassals and serfs by his side, while the customers who have built up his fortune shiver and scramble at his golden gates for the crumbs he chucks to them from his table. He appears to me to have lost all conscience. While his customers are shouldering their financial burdens with scarcely a grumble, everybody who has any dummed thing to sell to anybody compelled to buy is unloading his whole rent, rates, taxes, wife, children, mother-in-law, and extra cost of stock, *plus* about 30 per cent. marginal and 40 per cent. trading profit, on the rest of the population. Whatever you need in this great and glorious country upon which the sun never sets and seldom rises—bread or boots, balloon juice or small beer, bacon or bananas, whitewash or hair oil—the tradesman is on the spot to get right down to the bottom of your pocket with a scoop. According to police statistics there are no burglars, or highwaymen, or pickpockets in these war days. In some quarters the theory is advanced that they have all gone into the Army. Nobody can put that yarn on me. Long ago my moral instructors bade me never to forget the three degrees of unveracity—fibs, lies and statistics; and not only do I refuse to believe that burglars, highwaymen, and pickpockets have ceased to exist, but I also refuse to believe that they have migrated into the Army. The Army wouldn't have 'em. They have started to keep shop.

Cold Comfort for the Consumer.

During this last twelve months I have read yards of screed about the value of the mark, intended to cheer the great British public. Well, I will be honest and say that it doesn't cheer me a ha'porth. What I am concerned about is the value of the sovereign; and when my missus tells me that—thanks to the British tradesman, wholesale and retail—the value of the £ is about half-a-sovereign and a bit of suet, and that she won't be able to keep me any more unless I make it thirty shillings, I feel like going round our neighbourhood with a chopper, seeking the blood of every tradesman I can get at. The butcher, the baker, the dairyman, the coal man—all they do is to put their thumbs in the armholes of their waistcoats, meet together in a chapel or a pub, pass a resolution *nem. con.*—and lo, the next morning beef, bread, milk and coal rise according, while the man who keeps a general store simply looks round to see what hasn't riz since yesterday morning's breakfast and promptly marks up tinned rabbit, firewood, soap, fat ham, and pickled onions, and immediately starts selling his existing untaxed stocks of matches at an extra profit of 1½d. a dozen, makes his firelighters a penny a pair, touches you on wax tapers for another penny a dozen, and goes for your pocket to the tune of 50 per cent. additional on a penn'orth of candles. Then when he has done a good day's work and counted his plunder he says his prayers (perhaps), turns into bed, sleeps the sleep of the just, and on the morrow wakes up with an inspiration he got in a dream to do you down for another penny a lump on bath brick and a ha'penny a pound on murphies. I am a humanitarian in a general way, but it is the fact that—what with one thing and what with another—I am about fed up, and if the British tradesman doesn't roll up to the penitent form and get a new heart, I shall have either to kill him or go into the workhouse. And between you and me and the missus—though I make no threat—I prefer to kill him.

COLD CANADA.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SALVATIONIST SCHEME.

The Salvation Army plan for "emigrating" war widow and their families to the Golden West has incurred a good deal of just criticism; and we have now received a striking letter on the subject from a highly-placed official in the Island of Vancouver, British Columbia, who is peculiarly qualified to judge of the possibilities of such a scheme. The letter seems to call for textual quotation, and we commend its contents to the "prayerful consideration" of the "Army" authorities:—

> I have read of the intention of the Salvation Army to bring some hundreds of widows and children to this country, and I write to protest against the criminal folly of such an action. Having had five years' experience I can safely say that this is no place for helpless women and children; men have to fight for their existence, and it is a case of the survival of the fittest. Without disparaging in any way the social work of the Salvation Army, I call this latest proposal absolutely wicked. It was bad enough for men to be brought out and left to their own resources. Only those who have been through the mill can appreciate what it means to be in a strange country, unknown and uncared for. Please do your best to prevent this crime being perpetrated.

It is evident that the conditions are little changed since we were vigorously exposing the Great Emigration Lie, when we gave the actual experiences of scores of men and women who had been induced by glowing promises of shipping agents and Canadian Government officials to leave the Old Country for the West, these narratives being collected by members of our staff, familiar with the Dominion, whom we sent out for the express purpose. Upon the terrible tales which were poured into their ears we will not now dwell—but, though not unmindful of the patriotic sacrifices of our great Western Dominion in the war, duty to the loved ones of our dead heroes compels us to speak out. We can do no less than repeat our earlier warning that no one should dream of emigrating to Canada without assured prospects of subsequent employment, and that even definite promises of work should be received with the utmost caution. The foregoing letter lends weight to the communication we recently published from a Devonshire woman, with nine years' experience of Canadian life, who warned intending emigrants that upon arrival they might expect to "find nothing but prairie and sky with miles between them and the next settler." We thank our correspondent for his timely warning, and assure him we will do our best to spread the truth.

THE MAN WHO STAYS AT HOME.

COUNCILLOR'S CHALLENGE AND THE WOMAN WHO WILL.

One of these days it is quite probable that "The Kicking Heifer" will be an inn sign out Sleaford way. The history goes that Councillor Attiwell, retired from butchering and now farming in a small—a very small—way, made a commencement by claiming exemption for his strapping son. Refused by the local Tribunal, who knew all the circumstances, he appealed at Grantham, was heard in camera, and secured permission to keep his bonny boy at home in lavender until October, when he may appeal again. Sleaford does not like this, not a little bit, and men in the marketplace call it slacking. But Mr. Attiwell informed the Tribunal that his 6 ft. bachelor boy is wanted at home for the farm, and was promptly told a woman could do the work. And this is where that Kicking Heifer comes in. For, said the loving father, "My son has to milk a black heifer that kicks. If a woman can milk that heifer, I will make her a present of her"—the heifer. Much, probably, to Mr. Councillor's surprise, his challenge has been accepted. A lady has expressed her willingness to milk that celebrated animal at any time, in the presence of its owner, kicks or no kicks. At the moment of writing, Sleaford is agog with excitement, wondering whether Mr. Attiwell will redeem his gage, and whether the heifer will prove to have more kicks in her for a milker than young Mr. Attiwell has in him for the Germans. Should the lists be prepared and the tourney take place, our sympathies will go out to the lady champion, a woman more courageous than some men.

Real journalists are the judges in our "Bullets" Competition.

A CHILD'S MARTYRDOM.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLBOY'S CRUEL FATE.

On March 29th last, William Henry Gale, a ten-year-old inmate of the North London Industrial School, Walthamstow, was removed in a critical condition to the Romford Union Infirmary. Two days later the boy was dead, and at the subsequent inquest much importance was attached to the evidence of the Medical Officer at the Infirmary, Dr. J. A. Fraser. So seriously had Dr. Fraser regarded the case that at the time of the child's admission he had specially reported the matter to the Clerk to the Guardians, considering that the patient was "in a state of shocking neglect." While anxious to spare the feelings of our readers, we feel it our duty in all the circumstances to append a brief summary of the startling statements to which the Medical Officer was prepared to swear :—

> There were bed sores on each hip, a bed sore on the right buttock, and sores on feet, left hand, face and head. Both knees were contracted and the right wrist was swollen. The child was very ill and in great pain. A post-mortem examination had been made. The bed sore on the left hip was a deep one and of some days' duration. The skin on the left buttock was broken and the deeper tissues were exposed. There were many patches of discolouration on the legs due to septic conditions. The right lung was absent, and in place of it was a mass of cheesy consistency, and of old standing. The liver was very large and very adherent to the diaphragm; the left kidney was shrivelled and diseased, an abscess having formed. The spleen was large.

The jury were very naturally of opinion that these manifold ills were more than sufficient to account for the boy's death, but it is not with their bald verdict that we are principally concerned. We wish it were possible to assume that while in the Industrial School this unhappy child had received due care and attention, but the facts, unfortunately, lend no warrant to any such conclusion. On the contrary, his manifest weakness seems to have earned him no special consideration. As far as we can gather, the only kind of "treatment" meted out to him was of a disciplinary kind. It is on record, on the admission of Mr. G. M. Holloway, the Superintendent of the School, that in December last the boy was caned, and this for habits which in the circumstances of his health he was probably unable to control. According to the school officials, boys guilty of certain offences are sprayed with "tepid" water, a stimulating treatment from which, however, these hardened urchins seem to shrink as from some painful infliction. Certain it is that almost up to the date of his removal to the Infirmary the boy Gale had been subjected to this ordeal, and we have no hesitation in saying that in his case it fell little short of active cruelty. Of callous neglect there was ample evidence. Asked why a doctor had not been called in at an earlier stage of the lad's fatal illness, Mr. Holloway could find no reply. Although most of the morbid conditions discovered by Dr. Fraser must have been of long standing, and their symptoms acutely marked, it was not apparently until a fortnight or so before the lad's death that the aid of the School Medical Officer, a visiting practitioner, was sought. Upon this aspect of the case, the Coroner said :—

> It seemed to him that the boy was allowed to lie in bed in the dormitory and get up when he chose without much supervision. The Superintendent knew he was a delicate boy, and had told the jury so. That was all the more reason why more care should have been taken of him. Because he was in an industrial school it did not mean that he should take care of himself, but it seemed that that was about what had happened in this case.

These reflections—and no one can doubt that they were more than justified—constitute a grave reproach to the management of the North London Industrial School. It is significant that according to two of the witnesses at the inquest the boy shortly before his death had complained of being "hit with a stick," there being a suggestion that he had suffered recent chastisement at the hands of an official, who for some reason or other was not present at the inquest to give his version of the facts. It is unfortunate that this specific charge and others of a similar nature were not subjected to fuller examination. The onus of further inquiry rests upon the Home Office, who should lose no time in instituting a thorough investigation of the facts. But they must not nominate Mr. Masterman to preside at it!

NOT PROVEN.

"JUSTICE" TO A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Assistant-Provost-Marshal Captain Fram Pearson is responsible for the discipline of the military units quartered at Bournemouth, including the wounded soldiers at the local hospitals, and in his wisdom the good Captain has issued an order that the wounded shall not be permitted to "hang about the Square." Consequently, when Corporal Green, formerly of the 7th Essex Territorial Regiment, a soldier invalided from the Dardanelles, ventured to lean against the railings in the Pleasure Gardens, where he was expecting to meet a friend, he was inviting the attentions of the Military Police, and when reproved for his behaviour should have assumed an apologetic tone. Instead, he seems to have questioned the authority of the khaki policeman on the ground that he had in fact been discharged from the Army, and was therefore no longer subject to the military regulations. However, a brisk altercation ensued, blows being ultimately exchanged, and in due course Corporal Green was charged before a Court-Martial with the grave offence of assaulting the Military Police. In view of Green's discharge, however, the military judges seem to have been a little uncertain of their powers, and the final adjustment of the affair was reserved for the Bournemouth Borough Magistrates, before whom the ex-Corporal was charged, as a civilian, with an assault upon Military Policeman Lance-Corporal Boyland. For the prosecution, Boyland explained how he had found Green leaning against the railings in the Gardens with, *horribile dictu*, "the buttons of his coat unfastened," and on attempting to arrest the offender had received "two blows on the left side of the face." This sorry tale was confirmed by Private Kitcher, another military policeman; but for the defence four other witnesses, two wounded soldiers and two independent civilian observers, gave an entirely different version of the facts, viz., that Boyland himself was the aggressor, and any blows struck by Green were in self-defence. We understand that other independent witnesses were ready to corroborate this version of the affair, but the Magistrates declined to hear them, and, declaring that they had "heard enough," fined the defendant 40s. Had the defence been completed, the weight of evidence would have been overwhelmingly on the side of the accused, who had deserved something better of his country than to be robbed of elementary justice.

A SCANTY SHILLINGSWORTH.

MONGERING NOTIONS AT RIDICULOUS RATES.

Mr. P. H. Bracher, of 12, Southside, Wincanton, has an imposing way of announcing himself. He is, amongst other things, the "Inventor and Patentee of Labour-Saving Machinery for Chemists, Grocers, and Manufacturers," and he advertises his "Monthly Stock-Takings Made Easy" and "Other Works" at prices ranging from 1s. each to 2d. per 100. If we may judge from the sample seen by us of these "works," we should imagine the price to be the most sizeable thing about them. "Monthly Stock-Takings Made Easy" is the work we have before us, and it is labelled "Price One Shilling." We are glad we did not invest our modest "bob" in the precious thing. It is not a book, nor even a booklet, nor a pamphlet. It is a single half-sheet of blue paper, note-paper size, containing 5 rules, 3 "advantages," and 1 "N.B."—in all, 26 lines of matter. The matter is not worth the outlay—which, indeed, is extortionate. One firm of traders describes it as "ridiculous nonsense," and that commodity is not cheap at a shilling. We have studied how to make stock-taking easy, according to P. H. Bracher, and it is certainly simple—if not silly. It consists in this: instead of taking the whole stock once a year, you divide stock into twelve departments and take one-twelfth of stock every month. That's all. It is not much for twelve pence. If the scheme were not marked "Copyright," we could see some imitator advising tradesmen to divide stock into 52 parts and to take one part of it each week, and charging 5s. for the tip—calling it a "work," of course, in the P. H. Bracher style. In view of Mr. Bracher's precaution, nobody else will be able to sell 26 lines of print on a half-slip of paper at such a remunerative figure. At any rate, we hope not.

A *clean* Home paper—"Everywoman's."

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland.

My Dear Obiter Dicta,—Whatever have you been doing to let the Germhun plotters get that hornet's nest about our ears in Ireland? Without a question, the whole business—rebellion, Casement venture, Germhun naval raid and all—has been organised in Ireland by the Kaiser's spies; otherwise the various tricks in the game would not have synchronised as they did. If I rightly remember, you were asleep when the Carsonites landed their arms in Ulster, and when you awoke you hadn't enough pluck to take their rifles from them, or prosecute the ringleaders for offences and proceedings not easily distinguishable from treason. Since the war broke out you have had about you in Ireland Germhun spies, Larkinites, Sinn Feiners, and woolly-minded visionaries; yet while they were plotting and planning the hour to strike, you still slept. Defiantly they issued their infamous incitements to every form of treason; defiantly, too, they held the fort at Liberty Hall with armed sentries as your daily challenge, and still you slept. When you awoke again, rubbing your dreamy eyes, you seem to have been as surprised at the shooting and the shouting and the shaking around as was Little Red Ridinghood when she saw the wolf. Not the least of the many extraordinary things about this war is that nearly every single member of the Government seems to fail in his job; he never knows anything until it happens, and then it is the unexpected; he never does anything until the unforeseen compels him to do it, and then it is too late. You are a very kindly disposed old gentleman—amusing as a *littérateur*, charming as a speaker, light-hearted as a politician—but, upon my word, I understand less to-day than ever why you remain Chief Secretary for Ireland. It has never been the place for you; it is not the place for you now, and I think a temperament less comatose and a hand more vigorous should control it. Meanwhile the Irish traitors and Germhun plotters should suffer the fate their failure has invited. Wherever found, they should be set against a wall and shot, as wise men shoot rabid dogs. They are beyond the pale of mercy. John Bull.

To the Principal, St. Peter's College, Freshfield.

Finnicking Sir,—I have read about you in the *Church Times*, but that estimable weekly fails to acquaint me with your notable name. It does, however, record your protest on behalf of thirteen theological students, at your select and highly-improving College—young men who were granted exemption on condition that they engaged in munition work. This is the delectable passage which arrested my attention: "The Principal claimed that the students came within the classes exempted by the War Office, and the students themselves advanced as reasons that there would be moral deterioration in the life they would have to lead in a munition factory." I am glad to know that an appeal resulted in "no exemption whatever" for those thirteen lambs of yours who are fearful for their morals should they go to the bench with other workers. Your students are in a lamentable condition of mind when they shrink from fellow creatures more manly and not less decent than themselves. My fear is that contact with your namby-pamby, lachrymose collegians may "deteriorate" nobler men. John Bull.

To Colonel Claude Lowther, M.P

Dear Colonel,—I entirely agree with you that, in the event of a General Election, steps should be taken to ascertain the views and record the vote of every man engaged in military or naval service, or in the manufacture of munitions of war. If this vital end is to be secured, sweeping reforms will be necessary; and I am glad you are taking time by the forelock and pressing your views upon the Government. If the people are to be polled, the men who have the best right to vote are those who have given of their best to the service of the nation. If we are to have a Khaki Election, we must have a patriotic franchise. John Bull.

To Dr. Baker, Medical Superintendent, Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum.

Sir,—I have this moment learned that on Good Friday the patients of Broadmoor Criminal Asylum were, for the first time since the institution was opened, deprived of their *one* hot-cross bun. It is true they are all mad, but this deprivation must have made them madder than ever. I am unaware by whose instructions this stupendous war economy was effected, but it is of a piece with the other penny-ha'penny economies with which the officialdom of Government has latterly endeavoured to hide its extravagance and waste in other directions. Given seven hundred patients, a trough of dough, a shilling's worth of spices, sixpence-three-farthings' worth of lemon-peel, and a man firing currants at the mixture from a distance of three hundred yards at the rate of four currants an hour for one hour, forty minutes, and six seconds—what would be the cost worked out in hot-cross buns, reckoned on the arithmetical formula of one patient one bun? Whatever the answer, this is what the controlling financiers of the asylum have saved on the War Bill of £5,000,000 a day, and as a special prize for economy I shall be delighted on personal application to increase their official salaries by one banana. John Bull.

To I. M. Shepherd, Esq., J.P., Chairman of Magistrates, Shire Hall, Nottingham.

Dear Mr. Magistrate,—I perceive you have an idea about naughty boys. When seven of them appeared before the Bench at the Shire Hall a day or two ago for damaging a hayrick, you commented on the fact that their parents had not thrashed one of them. "I am ashamed of parents of the present day," you told their squirming mothers. "If my lad had done damage to my own hayricks I would have half-killed him, and if he had damaged anyone else's I would have given him twice as much." That, may I tell you, is where you would have exceeded the rights and duties of a parent according to law. You would undoubtedly have been indicted for wilful murder, and eventually hanged by the neck until you were dead. Let this be a lesson to you, therefore, on the lack of perspective in justice. It is naughty for a boy to damage a hayrick, and he certainly should be whacked for it by his mother, but the offence is not one for which the father would be morally justified in killing him, suffering the extreme penalty of the law, and leaving the mother a lonesome widow. Thank heaven you never had a son who damaged a hayrick! John Bull.

To Dr. Addison, M.P.

Dear Doc.,—You and your precious Liquor Control Board have brought things to a pretty pass when a dying man cannot be given a drop of brandy to save his life. If, after the revelations at the inquest on the poor old fellow who jumped into the Thames at the Temple Stairs, you are not thoroughly ashamed of the work of your Board, then you ought to be. The gallant barrister, Mr. A. E. Aspinall, who rescued the old man, was too ill to attend the inquest because he—also for want of a drop of brandy—contracted a severe chill. As the Coroner said, it was "obviously absurd" that spirit could not be obtained in such an emergency; "no one could have blamed the manager of licensed stores if he had committed a breach of the law." You and your ridiculous Board, by your rotten Regulations, have committed a breach of humanity. I only wish you could be brought to book for it. John Bull.

To H. M. Hyndman, Esq., National Socialist Advisory Committee.

Dear Hyndman,—Before the war you were almost alone among the Socialists in your keen sense of the German peril, and since the outbreak of hostilities the whole weight of your influence has been cast on the patriotic side. In short, you are a patriot first and a politician a long way afterwards, and I have nothing but warm respect for the part you have played. Your hostility to Germhun arms springs from deep loyalty to the Democratic cause, and I am happy in the conviction that it is with you and your loyal associates, rather than with the Snowdens and Macdonalds, that the future of British Socialism rests. John Bull.

Hundreds of thousands now use a "John Bull" Pen.

ANOTHER BAD EGG!

"Take it away—it's as bad as the others!"

May 6th, 1916. JOHN BULL. 13

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland.

My Dear Obiter Dicta,—Whatever have you been doing to let the Germhun plotters get that hornet's nest about our ears in Ireland? Without a question, the whole business—rebellion, Casement venture, Germhun naval raid and all—has been organised in Ireland by the Kaiser's spies; otherwise the various tricks in the game would not have synchronised as they did. If I rightly remember, you were asleep when the Carsonites landed their arms in Ulster, and when you awoke you hadn't enough pluck to take their rifles from them, or prosecute the ringleaders for offences and proceedings not easily distinguishable from treason. Since the war broke out you have had about you in Ireland Germhun spies, Larkinites, Sinn Feiners, and woolly-minded visionaries; yet while they were plotting and planning the hour to strike, you still slept. Defiantly they issued their infamous incitements to every form of treason; defiantly, too, they held the fort at Liberty Hall with armed sentries as your daily challenge, and still you slept. When you awoke again, rubbing your dreamy eyes, you seem to have been as surprised at the shooting and the shouting and the shaking around as was Little Red Ridinghood when she saw the wolf. Not the least of the many extraordinary things about this war is that nearly every single member of the Government seems to fail in his job; he never knows anything until it happens, and then it is the unexpected; he never does anything until the unforeseen compels him to do it, and then it is too late. You are a very kindly disposed old gentleman—amusing as a *littérateur*, charming as a speaker, light-hearted as a politician—but, upon my word, I understand less to-day than ever why you remain Chief Secretary for Ireland. It has never been the place for you; it is not the place for you now, and I think a temperament less comatose and a hand more vigorous should control it. Meanwhile the Irish traitors and Germhun plotters should suffer the fate their failure has invited. Wherever found, they should be set against a wall and shot, as wise men shoot rabid dogs. They are beyond the pale of mercy. John Bull.

To the Principal, St. Peter's College, Freshfield.

Finnicking Sir,—I have read about you in the *Church Times*, but that estimable weekly fails to acquaint me with your notable name. It does, however, record your protest on behalf of thirteen theological students, at your select and highly-improving College—young men who were granted exemption on condition that they engaged in munition work. This is the delectable passage which arrested my attention: "The Principal claimed that the students came within the classes exempted by the War Office, and the students themselves advanced as reasons that there would be moral deterioration in the life they would have to lead in a munition factory." I am glad to know that an appeal resulted in "no exemption whatever" for those thirteen lambs of yours who are fearful for their morals should they go to the bench with other workers. Your students are in a lamentable condition of mind when they shrink from fellow creatures more manly and not less decent than themselves. My fear is that contact with your namby-pamby, lachrymose collegians may "deteriorate" nobler men. John Bull.

To Colonel Claude Lowther, M.P

Dear Colonel,—I entirely agree with you that, in the event of a General Election, steps should be taken to ascertain the views and record the vote of every man engaged in military or naval service, or in the manufacture of munitions of war. If this vital end is to be secured, sweeping reforms will be necessary; and I am glad you are taking time by the forelock and pressing your views upon the Government. If the people are to be polled, the men who have the best right to vote are those who have given of their best to the service of the nation. If we are to have a Khaki Election, we must have a patriotic franchise. John Bull.

To Dr. Baker, Medical Superintendent, Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum.

Sir,—I have this moment learned that on Good Friday the patients of Broadmoor Criminal Asylum were, for the first time since the institution was opened, deprived of their *one* hot-cross bun. It is true they are all mad, but this deprivation must have made them madder than ever. I am unaware by whose instructions this stupendous war economy was effected, but it is of a piece with the other penny-ha'penny economies with which the officialdom of Government has latterly endeavoured to hide its extravagance and waste in other directions. Given seven hundred patients, a trough of dough, a shilling's worth of spices, sixpence-three-farthings' worth of lemon-peel, and a man firing currants at the mixture from a distance of three hundred yards at the rate of four currants an hour for one hour, forty minutes, and six seconds—what would be the cost worked out in hot-cross buns, reckoned on the arithmetical formula of one patient one bun? Whatever the answer, this is what the controlling financiers of the asylum have saved on the War Bill of £5,000,000 a day, and as a special prize for economy I shall be delighted on personal application to increase their official salaries by one banana. John Bull.

To I. M. Shepherd, Esq., J.P., Chairman of Magistrates, Shire Hall, Nottingham.

Dear Mr. Magistrate,—I perceive you have an idea about naughty boys. When seven of them appeared before the Bench at the Shire Hall a day or two ago for damaging a hayrick, you commented on the fact that their parents had not thrashed one of them. "I am ashamed of parents of the present day," you told their squirming mothers. "If my lad had done damage to my own hayricks I would have half-killed him, and if he had damaged anyone else's I would have given him twice as much." That, may I tell you, is where you would have exceeded the rights and duties of a parent according to law. You would undoubtedly have been indicted for wilful murder, and eventually hanged by the neck until you were dead. Let this be a lesson to you, therefore, on the lack of perspective in justice. It is naughty for a boy to damage a hayrick, and he certainly should be whacked for it by his mother, but the offence is not one for which the father would be morally justified in killing him, suffering the extreme penalty of the law, and leaving the mother a lonesome widow. Thank heaven you never had a son who damaged a hayrick! John Bull.

To Dr. Addison, M.P.

Dear Doc.,—You and your precious Liquor Control Board have brought things to a pretty pass when a dying man cannot be given a drop of brandy to save his life. If, after the revelations at the inquest on the poor old fellow who jumped into the Thames at the Temple Stairs, you are not thoroughly ashamed of the work of your Board, then you ought to be. The gallant barrister, Mr. A. E. Aspinall, who rescued the old man, was too ill to attend the inquest because he—also for want of a drop of brandy—contracted a severe chill. As the Coroner said, it was "obviously absurd" that spirit could not be obtained in such an emergency; "no one could have blamed the manager of licensed stores if he had committed a breach of the law." You and your ridiculous Board, by your rotten Regulations, have committed a breach of humanity. I only wish you could be brought to book for it. John Bull.

To H. M. Hyndman, Esq., National Socialist Advisory Committee.

Dear Hyndman,—Before the war you were almost alone among the Socialists in your keen sense of the German peril, and since the outbreak of hostilities the whole weight of your influence has been cast on the patriotic side. In short, you are a patriot first and a politician a long way afterwards, and I have nothing but warm respect for the part you have played. Your hostility to Germhun arms springs from deep loyalty to the Democratic cause, and I am happy in the conviction that it is with you and your loyal associates, rather than with the Snowdens and Macdonalds, that the future of British Socialism rests. John Bull.

Hundreds of thousands now use a "John Bull" Pen.

ANOTHER BAD EGG!

JOHN BULL: "Phew! What the ——! Take it away—it's as bad as the others!"

May 6TH, 1916. JOHN BULL. 5

Acidity and Indigestion

Digestion cannot proceed properly if the stomach is burdened with acidity. A *rational* and *safe* means of freeing the stomach from acidity is provided by Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made by Savory and Moore from a formula of the famous Dr. Jenner.

These lozenges are quite different from the ordinary antacid preparations, and contain neither bismuth nor magnesia. They owe their value to an alkaline product which has remarkable power to absorb acidity. To sufferers from Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Palpitation (especially at night), and all the ills that arise from acidity, they are of the greatest possible benefit. They are quite harmless, having no effect whatever on the stomach itself or the digestive ferments.

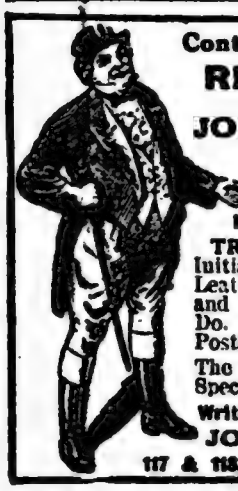
A feature of the lozenges, which is attested by all who use them, is the *immediate* relief given, even in chronic cases. Their action is so beneficial that in a short time ordinary meals can be taken without fear of indigestion.

A FREE TRIAL BOX of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, and mentioning JOHN BULL, to Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond Street, London.

OLD BUSHMILLS WHISKY

PLEASES THE MOST CRITICAL.

The "Old Bushmills" Distillery Co., Ltd., 29, Mark Lane, E.C.



Continuation of Easter
REDUCTIONS.
— AT —
JOHN PIGGOTT'S.

Send now for 52 page list. post free

Examples of Bargains at Piggott's Special Prices.

TREASURY NOTECASES. Initialled Free. LA3219. Seal Grain Leather. Reversible, takes 20/- and 10/- Notes, 1/10. LA3220. Do. do. Lined Leather. 2/4. Postage 2d.

The 'J.P.' Cycle. Piggott's Special Price - - - £4 3 0

Write for Specification, Dept. R.E.

JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.,
117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

POSTERS IN PILLORY.

HYSTERICS AND HARMLESS HOARDINGS.

Rhondda Baptists have run amok among the local hoardings, which, we hear without alarm, "are disfigured with gorgeous and multi-coloured posters." It is not a very terrible indictment so far, for Joseph's coat was open to the self-same objection. But the Baptist Association proceeds to allege that these posters are "especially unfit for the eyes of women and children . . . full of evil influences which are contagious, and glorify base acts and habits . . . a collection of all manner of devilish cleverness, rich in suggestion, which are the death and destruction of all good taste and morals." These be wild and whirling words, and there are plenty more like them, but, though they say much, they mean little. It is simply a wholesale denunciation without one tittle of proof. On the other hand, good people of Rhondda tell us they have "never seen anything posted there unfit to be seen by mother, wife, sister and daughter." The thin-skinned Rhondda Baptists should know that there is careful censorship of placards by an association of Bill-Posters. The trade would speedily deal with any lapse, and the police would assuredly take action if it were necessary. In the allegations from which we have quoted, words run away with wits, the whole hysterical outburst being nothing but an attempt at fustian eloquence by a deluded imagination exercised by mental faculties badly in want of repair.

THE RIDDLE OF A RECORD.

A STRANGE STORY OF THE HALFPENNY PRESS.

The other day a man bought four halfpenny newspapers—and the doctors have little hope that he will recover his reason. One began it by picturing "Fleet-footed Elf," showing Mr. Walter Winans setting up "a new English half-mile record. His time was 1m. 18s." And then another chimed in with a picture of the "Millionaire who Failed to Lower the Driving Record," saying stubbornly, "He failed, the wind being dead against him." After that it was maddening to read in a third paper that "Mr. Winans beat the amateur drivers' half-mile record. His mare, The Elf, covered the half-mile in 1 m. 18 s." They seemed to mix matters up pretty considerably, and it was in much trepidation that our friend turned to the fourth journal, feeling sure to find the truth. Alas! he read:—"Mr. Winans made an attempt to beat . . . but . . . bitter and tempestuous wind so impeded pace that the record was unlowered. The time was 1 m. 18 s." Where was truth? Where was certainty? What did Mr. Winans—and 'The Elf—do? We know not. But the attendants say that our friend is continually counting on his fingers, and babbling, "Broken—not broken; broken—not broken! in one minute, eighteen seconds!" And all because he spent twopence on four newspapers.

SOME DOUBTFUL CUSTOMERS.

CONTRABAND INSPECTORS IN THE STATES

An observant British seaman has invited us to direct attention to the class of men appointed as Contraband Inspectors at various ports in the U.S.A. These officers, who are installed in their posts by the British Consuls, should be capable as well as trustworthy, for it is their duty to see that no contraband is carried on neutral ships. We are assured that the best man is not always chosen; sometimes the Inspector is a very doubtful person. One man, now in authority at a certain American port, was in a poor way of life before the war, but he now assumes an air of great prosperity. Yet we are assured that he has but little knowledge of the construction of a modern ship, scarcely knows where to look for contraband—would not recognise it if he saw it in a disguised form—and professes to inspect a boat in an hour when six hours at the very least would be necessary. We hear also that the watchmen he employs are neglectful of their duties, and are all German-Americans. It is manifest that Inspectors of Contraband should be above suspicion, of known antecedents, and of British nationality. Where these conditions do not exist, the Consuls might, with advantage, summarily inspect their own Inspectors.

"PRINTER'S PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"EVENING NEWS":—

"Outside Dublin the county is tranquil. MR. ASQUITH, and THREE MINOR CASES OF DISTURBANCE are reported."

"WHITE ROSE," LEEDS (in letter to "Yorkshire Weekly Post"):—

"The late Lord Salisbury, speaking in the House of Lords, SOON AFTER HIS DEATH, said that 'zeal for the welfare of England was the passion of his life.'"

"HOME CHAT":—

"She heard him BLOWING HIS NOSE ON THE HALL MAT."

MR. MACLEAN, OF KINGSTON (according to "Manchester Evening News" report of I.L.P. Conference):—

"The HONEYED TONGUE of Mr. Lloyd George was unable to SOFT-SOAP the workers of the Clyde."

"WEST LOTHIAN COURIER" (advertisement):—

"If you have anything to sell and CAN'T WRITE, DROP A POSTCARD to ——— ———."

"NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—

"Young Married Woman would like SLEEPING COMPANION; moderate charge; homely."

"DAILY SKETCH":—

"Congresbury, a pretty village—LIKE MARJORIBANKS—IS PRONOUNCED COOMESBURY."

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS' RULE BOOK:—

"Sanatorium benefit means treatment in Sanatoria or other institutions, or otherwise, when suffering from tuberculosis or such other DISEASE as the Local Government Board with the approval of the Treasury may APPOINT."

The IBIS was a sacred bird of Egypt — the land of the Pyramids.

One of the great TOOTAL line

PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

THE colors in Pyramid Handkerchiefs are still reliable—indelible. And the variety of border designs is wide enough to meet all purposes.

At 6½d. each Pyramids are unrivalled value for money—whether you buy **All White, All Khaki, or Indelible Color Borders.**

Every Pyramid bears the Pyramid label

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD., 132, Cheapside, London, E.C.

P101

6/6 per Doz or 6½ each

Room for a little 'un?

You can always smoke Bondman in the drawing-room and the girls won't object. They like the delicate fragrance of this splendid tobacco.

Bondman has a grand full flavour; smokes slowly and evenly, and lasts much longer than most tobaccos.

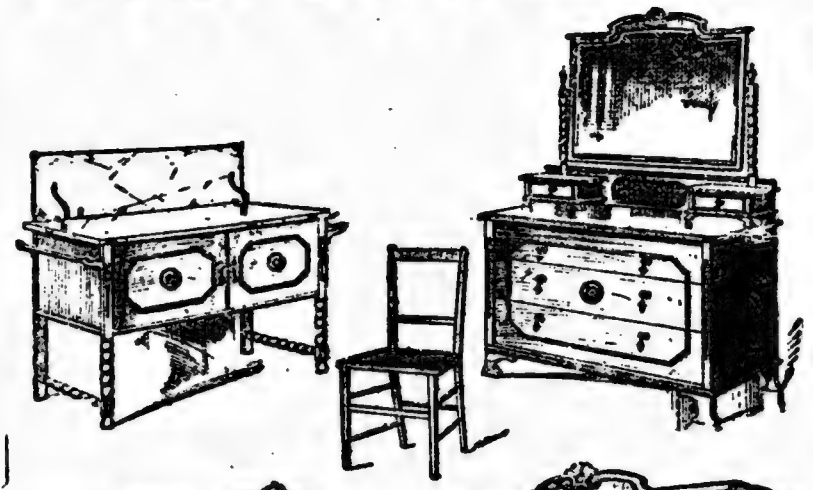
You can send Bondman duty free to your friends at the Front. Order from your tobacconist.

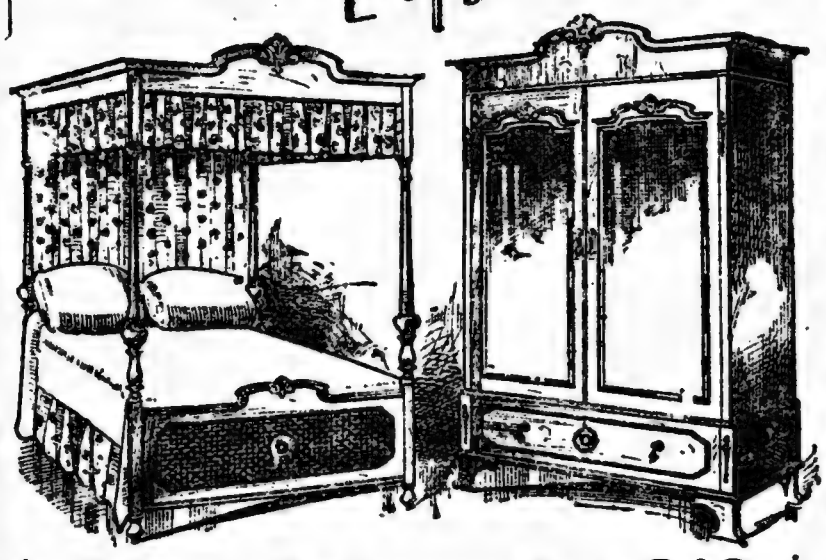
per 6d. oz. (4½d. & 1½d. war tax.)

LLOYDS' BONDMAN

Rich, Ruddy Virginia TOBACCO

WHITELEY'S FURNITURE





A Stuart Bedroom for £40

Whiteleys will furnish your home for Cash or on Deferred Payment Terms. If you pay cash the prices prove the keenest by comparison. If you Furnish out of Income you may still buy the furniture at the cash prices, and only 2½% per annum for interest is added to the balance after deducting deposit of 10 per cent.

AN EXAMPLE OF WHITELEY'S TERMS

Goods at *Cash Prices*	£100 : 0 : 0
Deposit—one-tenth of total value	10 : 0 : 0
Balance	90 : 0 : 0
Add interest at 2½% for 2 years ...	4 : 10 : 0
24 monthly payments of £3 : 18 : 9	£94 : 10 : 0

ONLY 2½% PER ANNUM FOR INTEREST IS ADDED TO THE BALANCE AFTER DEDUCTING DEPOSIT

New Illustrated Catalogue of Furniture Post Free.

Handsome Stuart Bedroom Suite, with excellent carved details and design, finished Dark Brown, comprising 4 ft. Wardrobe, with commodious hanging space and drawer below, two large bevelled mirrors in doors; full Dressing Chest marble top and tile back Washstand, with enclosed bottom part and towel rails attached; two cane-seated chairs; full size four-poster Bedstead to match, panelled, including head drapery & cornice valance.

The Suite complete £40

Wm. Whiteley Ltd., Queen's Rd., London, W

Made like a Motor Tyre

A Motor-Cycle Tyre built up with the same painstaking care and accuracy, on the same calculated principle of durability and skid resistance as the Moseley Motor Tyre—such is the

MOSELEY

Motor-Cycle Tyre. Even the fabric foundation for these tyres is woven in the Moseley Weaving Sheds at Ardwick.

Catalogues post free from

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS, LTD.
Chapel Field Works, Ardwick, Manchester.

Manchester: 2, 4, 6 New Brown Street; London: 31, 32, Aldermanbury, E.C.; Glasgow: 126 Ingram Street; Birmingham: 4, Lancaster Street, Corporation Street; Newcastle-on-Tyne: 44, 46, High Bridge; Dublin: 16, William Street.

C.W.E.

The Night Watch

IF you have a Son, Brother or Friend who has answered his country's call, send him a guaranteed Ingersoll fitted with luminous or glow dial.

Not only will a reliable watch afford him good service, but it will prove a real companion and friend.

We particularly recommend the luminous dialled Ingersolls, because they tell you the correct time as well by night as by day. They are ideal for use in the trenches and when on night duty.

The Ingersoll Series includes:

Triumph 6/6 Eclipse 10/- Junior 12/6
Midget 12/6 Wrist 13/6 Reliance 17/6

Any of the above models may be had with Glow Points and Hands at a cost of 2/6 extra, or if fitted with Glow Figures and Hands, 5/- extra.

Ingersolls are on sale by over 15,000 British dealers, and for YOUR protection the name is on the dial of every *genuine* Ingersoll Watch.

If your local dealer cannot supply, we will send the Watch you require post paid upon receipt of price. Handsome Catalogue free on request.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,
263, Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.

Ingersoll

GOOD NEWS *for the* DEAF.

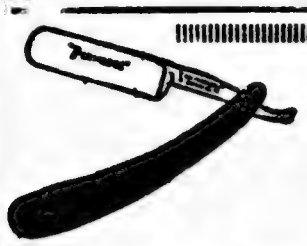
HEARING RESTORED!

These people are reading about the invention of a wonderful little instrument which magnifies sound, and enables the deaf to hear

STOLS ELECTROPHONE

If you would like to have one of these instruments on a 15 days' trial, arrangements can now be made for you to do so. Write or call—

THE STOLS ELECTROPHONE CO. (1914) LTD.
(Dept. K), 8, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Sq., London, W.C., England. (A British Company.)
Manchester Branch— 17, St. Ann's Square.
Glasgow Branch— 90, Mitchell Street.



Send him a "Razor of Quality"

This is truly a well-fitting title for the Selfridge "Permedge" Razor. Made from the finest Sheffield Silver Steel, scientifically hollow-ground, and fully guaranteed for 12 months, this Razor can be obtained in three sizes—for light, medium, or heavy beards. If not entirely satisfactory, the Razor will be exchanged or the money refunded. Price, Black Handle, Ivory Handle, 6/-

3/9

SELFRIDGE'S

SELFRIDGE & CO., Ltd. Oxford St., W.

YOU MUST WEAR A TRUSS

if you are ruptured. There is no cure—even an operation is not certain. But for 75 years we have been supplying WHITE'S MOC-MAIN PATENT LEVER TRUSS (the Original and only genuine), and if you wear one you will be like this working man who wrote us on February 2nd of this year:

"I have used one of your Moc-Main Trusses for about a year. I may say that I am a foundry man and work hard. Your Truss has been a godsend to me as it enables me to enjoy my work and attend regularly, which is saying a great deal for its many fine qualities." Seventy-five years' reputation is a guarantee of honest trading and sound goods.

WE CAN'T CURE YOU,

but you can get comfort and security. Send for our booklet; we have no agents. If in London please call.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY (OR A POSTCARD).
J. WHITE & CO., LTD., 15, WALBROOK, LONDON, E.C.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

Arfternoon, sir. . . . *In a great 'urry?* I specs you are, sir. Crorssin' to Ireland to-night, sir? . . . *No?* I thort praps you was. Well, I'll be as quick as I can. I s'pose it's a shave you're wantin', not a disguise—w'iskers, merstarsh, or any think like that? . . . *Why sh'd you want a disguise?* Well to tell yer candid, sir, I should, if I was in yore shoes. . . . No, I don't say as 'ow I sh'd be afraid, but I sh'd be *ashamed.* I sh'd be bloomin' well ashamed o' meself, if I was you. You've bin Chief Secretary for Ireland nine yers, sir, an' now, at the end o' nine yers, w'en the biggest, bloodiest wore in 'ist'ry is ragin', there's more sedition in Ireland then there was w'en you took on the job. Wot does it mean? It means you've bin a weak, Party-political washout, with no more backbone than a lugworm. . . . I say you 'ave! Don't speak w'en I'm shavin', if you please, sir. I 'aven't cut nobody this week, and I don't want to spoil me record. You've bin as weak as—as the noo teetotal beer wot the Liquor Control Board is tryin' to shove down the necks o' the workin' classes. 'Aven't chew allowed the rebels to enrol an' arm theirselves?. You knew they wasn't armin' theirselves to 'elp the Empire against Germany. You must 'ave *known* they was armin' theirselves for rebellion. Well, wot did jew do a' out it? You sed yerself, larst December, that the Irish Volunteers was obstructin' recruitin', an' fomentin' disloyalty. A few days after, you sed the evidence of their disloyalty was voluminous. But wot did jew do about it? I'll tell yer: You did nuthink. *Thet's* w'y I sed I sh'd be ashamed if I was you. Ain't the blood of our brave lads wot 'ave bin shot an' murdered by these vile swine on yore 'ead? *I* reckon it is. W'y didn't chew suppress orl them dirty little rags wot was preachin' treason, an' 'ave their editors an' the blokes at the back of them shoved up against a wall an' shot? Look 'ere, sir: Larst March—the 17th, I think it was—the Irish Volunteers, about 1,600 strong, marched through Dublin armed to their dirty teeth. Wot did jew do about it? Nuthink! . . . . Oh, yes, I know the Ulster Volunteers was allowed to arm. But woffor? To fight for the Union, not to 'elp the 'Uns. The two cases ain't the same. The one lot is loyal to the Crown; the other lot would like to see the Crown in 'ell, an' England under the 'eel o' the Kayser! . . . Well, sir, there's on'y one think fur you to do—you must go! You've shown yoreself incapable an' a danger to the State. You're a jokey gentleman, I know. But chew carn't rule Ireland by bein' witty in the 'Ouse o' Commons. . . . Certn'y, go over to Ireland first. I dessay you've got a few odds an' ends wot chew'd like to pack up an' bring away with you. But w'en you've done thet—git outer the Guv'ment, an' give Penny Readin's to Old Age Pensioners instead. . . . Oh, tuppence to you, sir—seein' as you'll soon be losin' yore £4,000 a yer. . . *Good* arfternoon.

CONCOCTED CONVERSATIONS.

THE STILL-BORN MILITARY SERVICE BILL.

MR. ASQUITH: Well, what are we to do now?

MR. WALTER LONG (*gloomily*): Resign, I suppose.

MR. ASQUITH (*horror-stricken*): What? Absurd! Impossible! Didn't I say a few days ago that a change of Government would be a national disaster of the most formidable kind?

MR. LONG (*wearily*): Oh, yes, we all know you intend to continue to take your salary. But as for a change of Government being a national disaster, how could that be when the existing Government cannot govern? We cannot continue to introduce Bills and then withdraw them when we find the feeling of the House is against them.

MR. ASQUITH (*airily*): Why not? How *can* one tell what the feeling of the House will be until a Bill is introduced? In the dear old days the worst of measures would receive the hearty and unquestioning support of one's own Party, and when one had a decent majority one could laugh at the feeling of the rest of the House. But, alas, nowadays one too often finds not only one's ancient foes but one's very friends opposed to measures one may introduce. It is very sad.

MR. LONG: It is very bad—and mad. How we could think the House would overlook the obvious injustices embodied in the wretched Bill is a puzzle to me now. We were worse than fools to propose the re-enlistment, for the duration of the war, of time-expired men—many of them married, many of them wounded more than once within the last few months—and at the same time to allow the unattested married men to shirk. Look what a handle it gave Carson!

MR. ASQUITH (*pettishly*): Confound Carson!

MR. LONG: Willingly. He made it uncomfortable enough for me. Especially when he asked if the Bill was intended to compulsorily re-enlist time-expired men who are now beyond military age, and I had to say "Yes."

MR. ASQUITH: Ha, ha! Yes; that was unpleasant. And then he asked you if the same thing applied when the men were married and had children, and you again had to say "Yes." Ha, ha!

MR. LONG (*savagely*): What are you laughing at? It is *you* who were in the humiliating position, when you had to announce the withdrawal of the Bill.

MR. ASQUITH: Not at all, not at all. There is plenty of time. We can draw up another.

MR. LONG: Then, if I have anything to do with it, it must be for general compulsion. No more mean and unfair selections for me.

MR. ASQUITH (*hastily*): No, no, my dear fellow. That's impossible. Consider my position. You must not forget that I told those Labour representatives that if ever a Bill for general compulsion was introduced, it would have to be under another Prime Minister.

MR. LONG (*drily*): I see. That would mean losing your salary.

REAL PIPE-JOY

To double the joys of smoking try a Last-Word Pipe. Brings out the full rich fragrance of the tobacco, and saves a third; smokes perfectly in rain and wind; positively banishes "juice"; looks like an ordinary pipe; tobacco can't fall out. Pin a P.O. to this advertisement. You take no risk, because

Satisfaction IS Guaranteed by "John Bull."

Shows no light at night, therefore only pipe Service Men can smoke on duty—send HIM one.

Last Word THE PIPE OF GREAT CONTENT

Made from French briar in one piece; no loose parts. Sent by insured post: Popular, 2/6; Silver-mtd., 4/6; Extra, fine-st French briar guaranteed, 5/-; Silver-mtd., guaranteed, 7/6; "Service" grade (only supplied to Service Men) 2/6.

Phone: *Regent* 4481.

D. B. WYSE. 6, Gerrard Mansions, 22, Gerrard St., London, W.

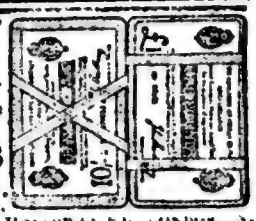
Every reader of "JOHN BULL" should have THE

REVERSIBLE

Treasury Note Case

(Patent 1642).

Full size, in real leather. Post free for **2/8** Including any 3 initials in gold.



Send P.O. to actual Manufacturers.

D. HARPER & CO., Ltd., 258-262, HOLLOWAY [illegible]

RAZOR BLADES FREE

We manufacture safety razor blades and *re-sharpen old blades.* To every razor user sending us 1 dozen or more old blades to re-sharpen we will give FREE of charge 3 of our new blades or a stick of popular shaving soap.

Re-sharpening costs 1s. a dozen, except Durham Duplex blades, which are 2d. each.

SHEFFIELD SAFETY RAZOR BLADE CO.,
40½, Bank Street, Sheffield.

BUY To-day

Edited by
HOLBROOK JACKSON.

to-day.

—the new weekly for the man and woman of to-day.

To those who enjoy good jokes and short stories—who take pleasure in reading articles giving fresh outlooks on life and affairs — who appreciate vigorous cartoons and illustrations. "To-day" will be a revelation.

ON SALE TO-DAY AT ALL NEWSAGENTS & BOOKSTALLS.

To-day 2d.

MAKE YOUR OWN LEMONADE

A long, cool drink made instantly with

GLASS LEMON!

and plain or aerated water.

NO ADDED SUGAR NECESSARY.

Freeman's

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue we will refund the money.

LE CAPITAINE

"I see many, many English officers in my France. They smoke all the time. . . . I wonder why? . . . But now . . . *voila! je comprends.* One day I am given a Cigarette, how is it called? . . . Ah! . . . Cavander's Army Club. *Ma foi*, like *la belle France* you English know much . . . you make your Cigarettes what you call 'top 'ole.' . . . That Cigarette has given me much pleasure, and I hope to buy five, six, seven, ah! many boxes of them when I come to visit *l'Angleterre.*"

CAVANDER'S

"ARMY CLUB"

CIGARETTES

20 for 9d.

50 for 1/10½

On sale at all A. Baker and Co.'s, Bewlay's, Finlay's and Selfridge's Stores, and all other high-class tobacconists.

Cavander's, 261, High Street, Glasgow.

THE BEST SUMMER DRINK—

ALLSOPP'S LAGER

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

We take the utmost pains to insure that none but the really deserving benefits by our fund. The weeding out of the other kind is a matter which entails much careful work, but it is worth it. We would particularly ask discharged soldiers and their wives not to make unfounded charges against the Pay Department, telling us of imaginary large sums of money to their credit which they allege they cannot obtain. We sift every such case placed before us, and nine times out of ten the statements made are not correct. The detection of such an unfounded allegation naturally does not conduce to interest in the rest of the story.

We frequently come in contact with another class of applicant—the woman who, by exercising the slightest thrift, should be comfortably off, but sends a doleful tale of financial distress. We give but one instance—the wife of a labourer who, when in civil life, earned 18s. 6d. a week. His Army pay amounts to 42s. a week, and for herself and children the woman gets a weekly separation grant of over thirty shillings—nearly double the wages earned by her husband before he joined. Having regard to the overwhelming number of cases of genuine and unavoidable suffering, it hardly needs saying that we turn down all such applications.

A Naval Reservist went to sea with his ship at the outbreak of hostilities, and has been afloat ever since. During most of the time his wife has been ill, and naturally incurred various debts. She told us that she did not know where to apply for help until she was advised to place her case before us, and we at once assisted her and the two children.

A woman has to bear the burden of six small children and a husband discharged from the Service, dying of consumption. She has no relatives, and had no friend until she came to us.

Very few women give nineteen children to the State nowadays; one of such recently placed her sad case before us. The youngest of the big family is but two and a-half years old, and the eldest was killed at the battle of Mons. The poor creature, whose home must resemble a schoolroom, was very hard up, and we were glad to be able to relieve her necessities.

A woman whose husband fell at the Marne, has to support two little children and an aged mother on her relatively microscopic pension. The money is barely sufficient to provide food and rent, and the kiddies were in need of boots and clothing until we sent help.

We had brought to our notice the case of a fine old warrior, who gave 25 years of his life to the Service, taking part in three campaigns, including the Burmese. He has ten children, two of whom are earning small wages, and he himself is totally blind. His struggle is a terribly hard one, and in addition to sending him financial relief we are taking the necessary steps to see if the State will grant him a pension or compassionate allowance—which, though morally due, is not in accordance with Regulations, his service having been "broken."

Considerable distress is caused among the dependents of our soldiers by the harshness of the Poor Law, which might well be relaxed in their favour. Here is a typical case: A wife, receiving 10s. a week from Government, was seriously ill in hospital for over two months, during which period 12s. 6d. a week was stopped and handed to the Infirmary authorities. The woman's rent is 6s. a week, and being thrifty she pays Insurance and Club money. It will thus be seen that during her illness the official graspers left her but 3s. 6d. a week—that is, about half the rent alone. We adjusted matters for her out of our fund.

A very poor woman lost one of her sons in the Boer war; last year another was killed in France. Her husband died a couple of months ago, and now another son has succumbed to wounds received in France. She has two married sons in the Navy, and her remaining boy, her sole support, is about to be called up under the Derby Scheme. This is emphatically a case in which the widow's mainstay should be exempted, according to the promise made by Mr. Asquith—which, unfortunately, seems to have been generally broken.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"A Few of the Boys, 34th Battery, 11th Brigade, R.F.A." (per H. P. B.), 7s. 6d.; "A Middlesbrough Munition Worker," 5s.; "Fairplay," 1s.; "A Soldier's Widow," 2s. 6d.; A. S., 2s.; C. J. A., 4s.; Mrs. L. B., 2s.; "A Very Tired Wife and Mother," 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 16s.; Mrs. G., £1; "Subscribed by the crews of H.M.S. *St. Cyr*, *Bombardier* and *Ganton*" (per G. W.), £1; E. T. E. (Cairo), 5s.; "One of the Heavies," 1s.; F. L., 2s.; D. G. F., 10s.; D. F. (Dublin), 10s.; Anon., 1s.; M. B., 1s.; T. C. (Dublin), £1; W. S., 5s.; "Easter Egg," 10s.; "A Welshwoman," 4s.; M. A. R. (Westminster), £5; "Elizabeth," £1; E. L. S., 10s.; A. N., 10s.; "Play Fair," 1s.; R. M. O., 10s.; Mrs. B. E. H., 10s.; "Azra," £3 2s.; R. P., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. L. J., 10s.; C. M., 1s.; "A Lenten Offering," 2s.; L. H., 1s.; W. T. (Minneloza), 25 cents; "A Few Readers," 3s. 4d.; "A Soldier's Mother," 6d.; J. H., 6d.; "A Transport Worker and Constant Reader," 2s. 6d.; W. T. S., 3s.; J. P. (Edinburgh), 5s.; Miss A. H., 2s. 6d.; "First Win," 2s.; R. G. T., 1s.; A. McC., 1s.; J. H., 1s.; P. J. H., 1s.; C. A. P., 6d.; "Gay Gordon," 7s.; B. B., 2s. 6d.; "A Poor Tommy but a Thankful One," 5s.; "Customers of White Bull Hotel, Bridport" (per H. S.), 5s.; J. H. G., 1s.; K. P., 1s.; "Lent Savings," 1s. 6d.; R. T. A., 2s.; Miss B., 1s.; "A Soldier's Mother" (Canterbury), 2s. 6d.; "Ireland for Ever," 2s.

Mrs. P. J. Bennell, the winner of the First Prize in our 183rd "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5, whilst Mr. E. H. Climpson (the Eastbourne ex-police constable, who lost a leg whilst fighting in France) the winner of the £1,000 in our 84th competition, has forwarded £10.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

Sutton.—Mr. B. Boundary, "Victory," William Road, 12s. 2½d.
Croydon.—Mr. Heath, 19, Church Street, 4s. 6d.
Faversham.—Mr. J. Duran, 78, Preston St., 4s. 6d.
Liverpool.—Mr. Tuohy, "Horse Shoe Hotel," 24, Duncan Street, 6s.

The Berkeley Loose Cover Easy Chair

Specially designed for Bedrooms and the Drawing room. Strongly constructed upon a sound Birchwood frame. The sides and back are gently curved, and the seat is sprung with best steel-coppered springs. Upholstered in Casement Cloth and fitted with a charming Loose Cover in washable Cretonne of your own selection. The chair can be used without the cover. As a supreme guarantee every Berkeley is

SOLD ON THE MONEY-BACK PRINCIPLE.

On receipt of 2/6 with order we send the Chair, complete with Loose Cover, without further payment, carriage paid in England and Wales; if not satisfied, return it *at our expense*, and we will refund your money in full

35/ **COMPLETE with LOOSE COVER, 2/6 with order and balance 5/- monthly.**

FREE Send a postcard to-day for patterns of Cretonnes and full particulars.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.,

Specialists in Easy Chairs,

Dept. J.B., 70-73, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

Fine Lather—It's Gibbs's

To ensure a speedy, clean, and comfortable shave use always Gibbs's Cold Cream Shaving Soap. It yields a rich, luxurious lather which makes shaving a delight, and by virtue of the cold cream combined with the soap, soothes the skin, preventing roughness and irritation. Moreover it is **British.**

In cardboard boxes, 6d. Sticks, 9d. and 1s. In Bowls and Tins, 1s. Of all Chemists.

Generous Trial Samples of Shaving Soap Dentifrice, and Cold Cream Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD. (Dept. 13B), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E. *Est. 1718.*

Gibbs's Cold Cream Shaving Soap

Redecorate with Hall's Distemper this Spring. It is the most economical as well as the most beautiful way.

HALL'S Distemper will make "the old home" fresh and bright, replace the dingy wallpapers with beautiful fadeless colours, make the dark rooms light and cheerful, and the small rooms appear airy and spacious.

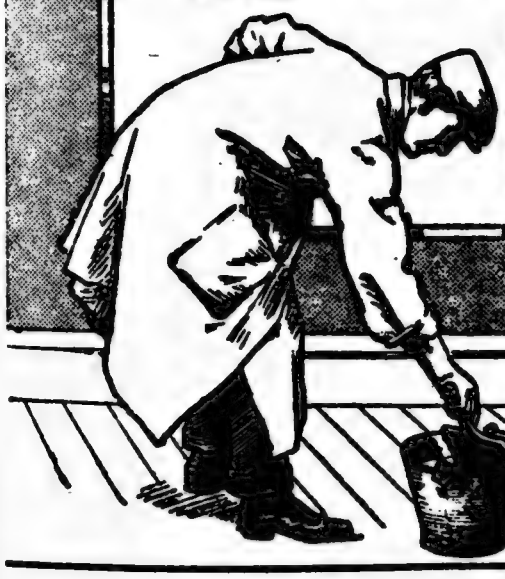
The world-wide popularity of

Hall's Distemper

is due to its solid practical advantages. When first applied it destroys all infectious germ and insect life. It dries quickly and combines with the wall to give a surface of velvety finish and great durability. It never fades with sunlight nor blackens with age.

Your Decorator can quickly change your paper covered walls to the modern HALL'S Distemper decoration.

FREE!—DAINTY WRITING TABLE CALENDAR, in colours, together with Hints on how to Decorate, giving Artist's Colour schemes, and particulars of Hall's Distemper.—*Write to-day.*



Sole Manufacturers:

SIBSONS BROTHERS & Co., Ltd., HULL.

London Office—

199B, Borough High St., S.E.

Liverpool—21, Cheapside.

Reading—4, Gun Street.

Glasgow—166 & 118, Bath St.

THE EMPIRE'S SOUND FOUNDATION —HEALTHY BABIES.

NEVER WAS THE WELFARE OF CHILD-LIFE OF SUCH IMPORTANCE AS NOW!

Use the "Cow and Gate" Milk Food (in powder form) and ensure that Britannia's Reserve Battalions shall be cheery, healthy, vigorous successors to our Heroes of to-day. Initiate, promote, and maintain, the health and vigour of YOUR Baby by using the famous

COW & GATE PURE ENGLISH MILK FOOD

IN POWDER FORM.

Purity, ease of digestion, and highest nutritive value, make this Food THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR MOTHER'S MILK. SAVES THE LIVES OF DELICATE INFANTS.

Makes them strong and vigorous. Eminently safe to take the place of, or supplement, breast feeding. If taken by the mother herself, invaluable to increase and maintain the maternal supply.

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

If YOUR Baby is not thriving procure a tin of this Safe Food To-Day.

Blue label (for infants from birth to 6 months), 10½d., 1/3, 4/9
Pink label (for infants from 6 months), 1/-, 1/11, 5/7.
Sold by all Good Chemists and Stores.

FREE TESTING SAMPLE ON RECEIPT OF TWO PENNY STAMPS can be obtained of the *Sole Manufacturers,*

THE WEST SURREY CENTRAL DAIRY Co., Ltd. (Dept. 13), Guildford, Surrey.

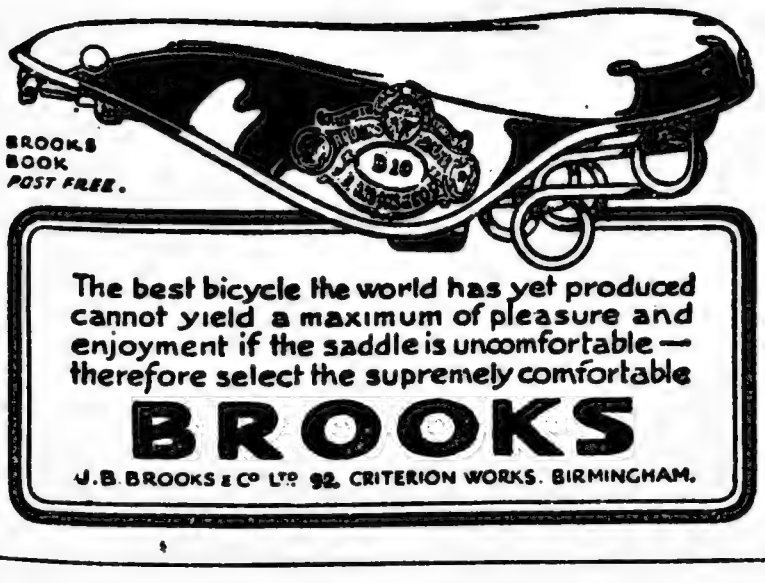
A BOON TO MOTHERS.

BABIES LOVE IT

Sample FREE.

Write Now.

B.D. & Co.



BROOKS BOOK *POST FREE.*

The best bicycle the world has yet produced cannot yield a maximum of pleasure and enjoyment if the saddle is uncomfortable—therefore select the supremely comfortable

BROOKS

J. B. BROOKS & Co LTD 92, CRITERION WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

80% to 90% Saving on Clothes.

We can clean and press your suit so that all stains and creases are removed and make it look as good as new. This will save you the difference between the price you would pay for a new suit and our charge of 8s. 9d.

Ladies' wear treated at equally moderate prices. Write for free Illustrated Catalogue.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London.

(East 3710—4 lines.)

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

D51

"TIZ" Gladdens Sore, Tired Feet.

"Oh! My poor swollen, puffed-up feet."

"Great Scott! Where's the TIZ?"

TIZ makes sore, burning, tired, "chilblainy" feet feel just fine and comfy. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, hard skin, blisters, bunions, and chilblains.

TIZ draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you drill, how far you march, or how long you remain on your feet, TIZ brings restful foot comfort. TIZ is magical, grand, wonderful for aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! how comfortable, how happy you feel. Your feet just tingle for joy; boots never hurt or seem tight.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. End foot torture for ever—wear your new boots, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! A whole year's foot comfort for only 1/1½.

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES CURED

MEDICAL TREATISE & CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE—FREE

A WONDERFUL discovery has been made which completely cures all blood diseases without the use of poisonous ingredients or dangerous metallic substances.

On writing to the address below you will be sent—under plain cover, free from observation—a medical treatise fully describing these complaints and their cure.

This treatise will be sent to you gratis and post free, together with a special chart, which, if you fill it up, entitles you to free confidential advice.

Remember, this is a perfectly harmless remedy, which cures the most terrible troubles, whatever the name or nature of the disease.

Amongst the blood disorders completely cured by this treatment are:—

Eczema, Anæmia, Ulcers, Locomotor Ataxy, Scrofula, Sores, Eruptions, Poisoned Blood, Psoriasis, Lupus, Bad Legs, Carbuncles, Piles,

and other disorders, whether acquired or inherited.

ECZEMA CURED.

June 8th, 1914.

I have suffered with Eczema in my face and legs for twelve years. I have tried a great many remedies from time to time, but nothing seemed to do me good. I have taken several bottles of Domigo, and I am very pleased to say I am now quite cured.

ULCERS CURED.

March 30th, 1915.

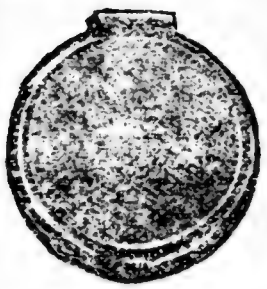
Domigo has done me a great deal of good. When I started taking it, my mouth was in a very bad condition with Ulcers, and I was unable to eat anything, but they are now completely gone, and I am once more enabled to enjoy my food, and I now feel that I enjoy life much better! "Domigo" is everything you claim it to be.—J. H. S——.

FREE TREATISE AND ADVICE.

Write to-day for a copy of medical treatise describing the treatment. It will be sent you, FREE FROM OBSERVATION, together with a special chart. On filling up the latter you will be sent—without any fee being charged—confidential advice on your case. All communications are treated in the strictest confidence. Write to-day.

The Domigo Co. (Dept. J.B.), 168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

DOMIGO can be obtained in handy tablet form from all branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, 5s. per box.



Wear your Wrist Watch in Safety.

EVERY Officer and Private needs a wrist watch to ensure accuracy in manœuvres, etc.—but there's always danger unless you wear your watch in the ARMY PROTECTOR—danger through the glint on the glass attracting bullets; danger from splinters of breaking glass; and always great danger of smashing the watch.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Gives perfect safety to any Wrist Watch. Prevents breakage and minimises risk to the wearer.

The ARMY Wrist Watch Protector is a well-made metal Case which clasps under and over your wrist watch. A single movement opens it, and it automatically closes when released, converting the watch into a miniature Hunter. It enables your watch to be worn even without a glass. Lengthens the life of the watch by making cleaning unnecessary.

The Army Wrist Watch Protector (as illustrated) can be obtained to fit any wrist watch.

Nickel or Khaki Finish - 1/6
Leather Covered - - - 2/6
Rolled Gold - - from 3/6

Solid Silver from 6/6.
Solid Gold from £3 3s. 0d.

In all sizes to fit any watch. Size 4 fits the Ingersoll Wrist Watch.

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.

If unable to obtain from your own Jeweller, send stamps or postal orders direct to—

Sales Manager: **Waltham Buildings 29, Church Street, Liverpool.**

FEATHERED PETS ENJOY

SPRATT'S

BIRD SEEDS & PARROT FOOD

SOLD ONLY IN PACKETS.

GRAVES

OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Paletots, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' & Children's Wear, Furs, Sewing Machines, Footwear, Watches, Jewellery, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Prams, Lino, Silver Novelties, etc. J. G. Graves Ltd., Sheffield.

FOR EVERYTHING ON EASY TERMS

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, &c. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to home in **PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION.** Send post-card to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). Allow **DISCOUNT FOR CASH,** or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 26 years.

CHARLES RILEY, Desk 18, MOOR STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Please mention "John Bull" when writing for lists.

YVONNE CREAM

A DAINTY FREE SUPPLY

will be sent every lady writing and enclosing 2d. in stamps for postage. **YVONNE Cream** is a wonderful discovery, made by a scientist whilst engaged in research work. Owing to a peculiar medicinal property, it has a most marvellous effect in whitening and softening the hands, and clearing and beautifying the face. **Contains no Grease.**

The directions for use are given in strict confidence and are not to be divulged. **The Yvonne Co. (Dept. J.B.), 25, Duncan Terr. City Rd., London.**

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

The "Pic-nic" at the Front.

We are in sympathy with the numerous men in France who do the real fighting, and who complain of the faked pictures and untruthful articles which tell of the numerous joys and the splendid comfort they are supposed to experience when they come back from the trenches to their billets and bases. As a matter of fact, Tommies doing the actual fighting are the very men who are generally debarred from amusement, which appears to be in practice reserved for the officers, non-commissioned officers, and "Red Caps" and their friends, placed in safety miles behind the trenches.

Cheap Fatigue Duty.

There is a landed gentleman at Stratford-on-Avon who is apparently out to get something for nothing. He sent a letter to the local military hospital in the following terms:—"I should be glad if any of your patients up to four in number would like to come at two to-morrow or Tuesday to do some timber cutting. It is not very light work. I would give them tea at five o'clock and then they could return." We should like to know what Shakespeare would say to this. As for the Tommies, they use language that was not in vogue when the Immortal Bard was alive.

A Refined Cruelty.

Still they come along—the letters from men whose wives, parents, brothers or sisters have died over here and who wish to be at the graveside but are refused leave. We believe we are right in stating that this embargo is not in accordance with the wishes of Lord Kitchener or of the majority of the War Council. On the other hand, we know of several men who have been given home leave for no other apparent reason than to "chance their arms" with lurid tales among their civilian pals in England, borrow a bit and return without liquidating their debts. Surely the bereaved chap at the front should be given most-favoured-nation treatment.

Tommy and His Food.

We recently commented on the quantity of the food supplied to a cyclist unit stationed not very far from London. The captain in charge came to us full of fury and demanding an apology. If he will call back now we shall be glad to show him a certified list of billets and the quantities of food provided for the men. He will then make his command happy by remedying the palpable grievance—if he has the whole-hearted desire for their welfare which he professed.

Soldier *versus* Civilian.

Our Military Commissioner was down in Hampshire the other day and saw a railway truck full of bread being unloaded into two large farm wagons. Inquiry elicited the information that the stuff was waste bread, destined to the interiors of pigs and other farm animals. Great Lord! And yet the Government are asking poor civilians to economise, and hinting that to-morrow or the next day it may be necessary to serve out bread tickets!

Big Wigs' Failure.

As we announced some time ago, the General and his staff inspected the Belton Camp at Grantham following hot-heeled on our exposure of the conditions prevailing there. Certainly little improvements have resulted, but we regret to say that the men of some units still complain of being ill-fed, and are writing to friends for supplies. It is hardly playing the game to place the soldiers on short commons and saddle their friends with the expense of providing what is deficient.

Shoreham Yet Again.

Shoreham has a fascination for us. It was down there that for the first time in our military history a General made a demand on the War Office holding a journal—John Bull—as a sword over the heads of the big-wigs of the department. We should like to ask the present Commander if it is quite the thing to feed convalescent men on Army biscuits while soft bread is so easily obtainable.

The Bilked Billeters.

We are sick and tired of the letters we receive from housekeepers who have men billeted on them and who ask when and where they will obtain the money due. In numerous cases the guests have left for goodness knows where, and the unfortunate landladies are whistling for their money, not knowing where to obtain it. If a civilian lodger bilks his landlady she has her remedy in the County Court, but it is different when the Government are concerned. It is bad enough to have to take in and feed men at dosshouse rates, but the cruelty of the position is intensified when the unfortunate sufferer is kept out of the pittance by the Government or its representatives. It is also grossly unfair on Tommy, who cannot help feeling embarrassed by the knowledge that his board and keep are not being duly paid for.

A Case for our Sympathy.

We receive many letters from parents concerning their offspring of tender years who lied to the recruiting authorities regarding their ages and got sent out to the front. As a rule, the writers ask our help to have the youngsters sent home again. In one case a boy who enlisted under 18 has been a year at the front acting like a man—carrying stretchers, working his rifle and throwing bombs. His mother is proud of him, but writes to us asking why the recruiting authorities should send numerous demands that he should turn up for service in his class under the Conscription Act, each official communication pointing out the pains and penalties supposed to be incurred by failure to do so. The mother says that the matter worries her considerably; but we advise her to smile. It is only one of the very many tangles in our present system.

Sister Susie's Shirts.

We are told that shirts made by the ladies of the Women's Patriotic Union in Dublin are being sold to the Tommies by their lords and masters at the usual Army rates—if not a little over. Queer, isn't it? Can the Ordnance Clothing Department enlighten us?

Missing Men.

We would welcome news concerning the following:—

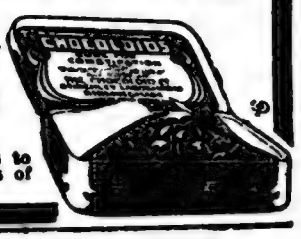
Pte. A. Drake, 18064, 3rd Co., 1st Gren. Gds.; Pte. Leonard, 25857, 14th Batt. Canadians; Sgt. J. R. Munro, 448, 1st Australians, 9th Infantry Bgde.; Pte. L. Bean, 4452, D Co., 8th Buffs; Pte. J. J. Miller, 3152, D Co., 8th R.W. Kents; Pte. W. G. Hobbs, 7948, 1st Scots Gds.; Sgt. W. A. Spender, 6601, C Co., 10th Sherwood Foresters; Pte. J. A. Robshaw, 3548, D Co., 2nd Northumberland Fusrs.; Pte. A. G. Tuvkey, 18341, B Co., 7th Northants; Cpl. A. E. George, 8847, A Co., 1st Welsh Rgt.; Pte. R. T. Calvert, 19222, A Co., 2nd Leicestershires; Pte. J. Blagrose, 8068, 1st Royal Berks; Pte. T. Tomson, 13843, C Co., 7th K.O.S.B.; Pte. C. Pringle, 9015, A Co., 3rd Middlesex; Pte. T. McGuire, 21, 1st Black Watch; L.-Cpl. R. Newman, 16258, 2nd Co., 3rd R.F.; Pte. E. Smith, 653, C Co., 6th Leinsters; Pte. G. A. Thompson, 3689, 2nd R. Warwickshires; Pte. W. T. Smith, 15983, 5th Oxford and Bucks L.I.; Pte. F. Hartlet, 17678, W Co., 1st Northumberland Fusrs.; Pte. C. Carter, 17866, 1st Essex.

FOR SORE TIRED FEET

CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, CHRONIC GOUT AND ALL FOOT TROUBLES. WHAT SOLDIERS DO WHEN FEET ACHE, BURN, SMART AND PERSPIRE.

Corns, callouses, bunions, and blisters are simply indications of injured tissues, but there is really no need of enduring any foot tortures a single moment. They can all be instantly relieved and permanently cured by resting the feet for about ten minutes in a warm foot bath containing a tablespoonful of ordinary Reudel Bath Saltrates. This softens even the worst corns, so they come out root and all at the first touch, and all calloused places quickly disappear. The feet being the farthest point from the heart to which the blood must be forced, foot troubles are often due to defective circulation in these extremities. By treating the feet as above directed you will stimulate the blood circulation, clear out sebaceous matter from the clogged pores, render the skin active and healthy, prevent chilblains, offensive odours and injurious effects of acid perspiration, and banish foot troubles for all time. All chemists keep Reudel Bath Saltrates ready put up in convenient packets, one of which will prove more than sufficient to permanently end all foot misery. The product is compounded solely from British ingredients, and although quite similar in composition to the waters of famous medicinal springs, it is admitted to be far superior to any of them in its remarkable curative and healing qualities. Try this refreshing foot bath after coming in footsore from a long walk. You will soon feel like dancing with joy, and your newest, tightest boots become comfortable as oldest pair you have.—[Advt.]

Cure Piles or Constipation Permanently.
Science evolved this new perfect remedy from vegetable ingredients that cure without pain—and with certainty. Never bind or gripe; never weaken.
CHOCOLOIDS for Constipation.
(Regd.)
Send a P.O. for 1s. 3d. now—or 2s. 6d. for a full treatment 2½ times the size.
The CHOCOLOID Co., Stirchley Laboratories (Dept. 23), Birmingham.
Free sample sufficient to prove, sent on receipt of postcard.



Fight the Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d. *and* 5s. *per bottle. Send postcard for* **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE** and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd (Dept. J.B.), Park Square, Leeds.

With **Vitadatio** THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

DR. POGSON'S
SKIN TREATMENT

absolutely tops the list of all applications for the Skin. It is the important discovery of Wm. Pogson, F.R.C.S., of Leeds, and patients from all over the world testify to its wonderful curative and beautifying properties. The Matron of one of our Auxiliary Military Hospitals, established by a Yorkshire nobleman in his historic home, writes:—

"Please send further supply of Dr. Pogson's Skin Ointment and Soap, as sent to Dr. W. last week—we have found them very beneficial."

Try these famous preparations and prove their excellence.

Dr. Pogson's Skin Ointment, 1s. 3d. & 3s.

Dr. Pogson's Skin Soap, for Perfect Skin Beauty, 1s.

At all Branches Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Boots' Cash Chemists, also leading chemists, or direct from Pogson, Halton, Leeds. Mention "John Bull."

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.

THE EDITOR'S THANKS.—The Editor desires to acknowledge the receipt of a very large number of letters on the subject of some of his recent articles, both in this journal and the *Sunday Pictorial*, and begs to assure his correspondents that their various criticisms and suggestions are appreciated.

E. P. W. (West Norwood) AND OTHERS.—We quite agree that the concerted attack in the Party press upon Mr. Pemberton Billing is unworthy and discreditable—but that is the way of the Party press.

"PEACE" (Birmingham) has worked himself into a frenzy on a postcard. "For God's sake," he shrieks, "cease preaching the spirit of hate!" Hatred of evil things, such as the Huns, is an honourable sentiment. Feeling it, why should we conceal it?

J. L. (Woolwich).—Haven't time at the moment to look up the exact date when Mr. Asquith first coined the disastrous phrase, "Wait and see," but can tell you that every time he has used it, he has used it once too often. The answers to your further queries are in the affirmative.

"LIVININOPES" (Nottingham). — In the event of compulsion for married men, members of the Cabinet of military age would be liable for service, but we fancy the Tribunals would be tender with them. Unfortunately, the majority of the Government would escape by virtue of old age.

"GROUP 18" (Stepney, E.).—You appear to anticipate our reply to your childish question as to whether men of military age who have never been entitled to a vote can reasonably be expected to defend their country, so we will let it go at that.

W. G. (Wednesbury).—Quite right, Pemberton is now able to "air" his views in the right place.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE WITH TWO CHILDREN" (Hirst Ashington) says, apropos of the conscientious shirker, "let them that will not go be shot like the traitors they are, and be damned to them." Carried *nem. con.*, so far as we are concerned.

G. E. (Lostock Graham).—Ford car advertisements should not be "screened." Neither should the unpatriotic picture houses where the nuisance is committed.

J. W. (Gateshead).—"When the war is over the Kaiser he will sing Humpdy Dumpey sat on a wall instead of Been a King." He will certainly have to bear the yolk.

A. B. (Dunfermline).—The British Navy is second to none. But the German is a dangerous second.

"HE" (London, S.E.).—The son of a naturalised Russian, born in England, is a British subject. At any rate, so we have always understood, though some of our Magistrates seem to entertain doubt on the point.

W. H. A. (Ulverston).—The children of negroes, born in England, would be British subjects. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, but he can change his nationality. But see reply to "He."

"LOOS AND LENS" (West Peckham) wants to know what the military authorities are going to give all the Refusiliers when they collect them together. Something with boiling oil in it, we hope.

"CHICK" (Torquay) thinks Mr. McKenna made one important mistake by omitting to tax love, "one of the most luxurious things which is frequently in use in England." Rather difficult to collect, we should imagine. Moreover, some people regard love itself as somewhat of a tax.

E. H.—"JOHN BULL, you're a nib. No wonder you sell so many fountain pens." Is that another way of telling us we are "a boon and a blessing to men"?

MRS. E. M. (East Ham).—Without going into your theological arguments, the fact of "Conscientious Objectors" refusing to fight the good fight proves them to be followers of anti-Christ.

C. P. (Sutton).—Why on earth should not your late charwoman have married a man earning £3 a week at munitions? The fact that she has so far saved nothing may be foolish, but it is her business. Good luck, and more thrift to her!

J. W. (Carlisle).—The term "Party politics" embraces a plurality of political opinions. Therefore we prefer to say "Party politics *are* dead," rather than "*is* dead." But please yourself.

"A JEW" (London, E.).—Thanks for your kind appreciation.

"Ex-P.C." (Thurton).—It was unfair as well as unkind to change the policemen's pension scheme so as to make the men wait 13 weeks before receiving a penny.

R. G. (Clapham Junction, S.W.).—Lord Kitchener's residence is Broom Park, Canterbury.

A. W. (Liverpool).—The lady *may* be worth her "responsible position in the new Munition Filling Factory at Aintree."

"A REGULAR READER" (Newport, Mon.).—Join the Navy.

"READER" (Chadwell Heath).—"Who is the Romford tailor that employs all German workmen?" You ought to know. You live near enough.

MRS. G. H. (Kew).—It is a private grievance. Put it before the Minister of Munitions.

E. M. D. (Hove).—Thanks for "Pendragon." We hope to find time to read it one of these days.

T. M. (London).—Ours is "just the paper long wanted." Your discernment does us proud.

"READER" (Cockermouth). — Thanks. "Though thou brayest a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

STEVE, JOE, NORMAN (Westminster, S.W.).—The so-called County of London is purely an administrative area.

"ONE FROM ONTARIO."—Joined up on August 4th, 1914, giving your age as 44, whereas you have seen 60 years! You are the sort of liar we like.

LT. K. C. T.—We are proud to be known as "Tommy's Bible" in the trenches, and try to deserve it by studying to print nothing but "gospel."

W. M. (N. Finchley).—The Government have bucked up the blockade "some" since Lord Ronaldshay wrote, eh?

"JOHN BULL'S DAUGHTER" (Wimbledon).—Shall probably have opportunity of reminding Mr. Runciman of that speech. Thanks.

MRS. S. L. (Harthill).—As you say, kind, kind, and gentle are we.

"WELL-WISHER" (New York).—Against rule to notice anonymous letters, but in your case we will say it is quite out of the question to annul the marriages of British women with Germhuns.

"CRAYFORD."—A man who has been a gunrifler for 12 months can claim exemption as being in a reserved occupation. Though a school-teacher beforehand, he does good army work now.

A. M. (Pendleton).—The farmer who mowed grass at the cemetery, 38 acres, and said he "farmed" 76 acres because he mowed it twice a year, was ingenious, but exemption granted to three of his five sons was withdrawn when his ingenuity was exposed.

"CECIL F. LINNEY" (Culmore Road, Peckham) writes, "I am the Object with too much conscience and no pluck." He may be; we do not deny it. But it is nothing to boast about.

F. M. (London, S.E.).—The two placards shown by Camberwell newsagents were in significant juxtaposition when placed side by side:—*Camberwell and Peckham Times*: "Our reply to JOHN BULL," and JOHN BULL: "A Capital Joke!"

J. S. McL. (Peebles).—You suggest that the answer to the Editor's question, "Why not women curates?" is that clergymen are not wanted in the army. A Fife minister was accepted for the R.A.M.C., sent to Aldershot for a day or two, and then sent home to walk about. And a Perth minister is in like case.

"COMMERCIAL." — The Contract Department, War Office, puts up a notice in the Yankee style:—"Pray be Brief." Commercial men, resenting this, counter with the suggestion that the Contract Department should be adjured:—"Pray be Explicit."

F. G. (Rainham) and E. L., send stamps representing the subscriptions of their families to the suggested penny collection for providing aeroplanes for the defence of important towns. As they do not give their full postal addresses, these amounts have been added to our War Sufferers' Fund, as we are not at present receiving subscriptions for the scheme in question.

F. W. G. (Northampton).—The six Christadelphians, and the man suffering from eight diseases—nine if you count his "conscientious objection"!—are characteristic cases of shirkers. Hope Northampton has not many such.

"JUSTICE" (Crawley).—It is hard on attested married men of Crawley when a single man, like J. W. Warren, secures exemption as a conscientious objector on condition that he works as a farm labourer. Such cases are far too common everywhere.

"CONSTANT READER" (Barrow-in-Furness).—"Were we ever a Party Whip in Parliament?" What is the joke?

"FLAG" (Campbeltown).—Thanks for sending us the cutting from the *Los Angeles Times Sunday Magazine*. We do not care what anyone says, so long as they advertise our journal well.

Neglect paves the way to disaster—see page iii of cover.

SERGT. W. S. (17th Lancers, France).—If you are unable to procure French paper currency, British postal orders or stamps, where you are stationed, you can forward your "Bullets" to a friend over here, to be re-posted to us with the necessary entry fee. Our special rule for naval and military competitors gives you ample time to do this.

"A MARTYRED MOTHER."—Some children certainly make unnecessary noise, and we agree that school-teachers might impress on their pupils the importance of good manners, good behaviour, and more regard for other people's feelings.

"READER" (Clogher).—The Ulster Bank is generous to its directors when it pays the income tax on their big salaries, the senior director receiving £4,125 a year. It is for the shareholders to consider this extravagance—comparing it with a clerk's salary, commencing at £30, he providing a bond for £1,000!

W. M. (South Shields).—Sorry to hear that Hun porkshops are being reopened in your town. The South Shielders deserve a bombardment for allowing it.

"INQUIRER" (Welling) wants to know whether discarded tea leaves are collected, dried, and re-sold to the poor. If so, they are probably palmed off in the form of so-called "Bonus" tea.

"DICK" (Bury St. Edmunds).—You cannot expect rate collectors to be petted and admired. Harassed ratepayers have always regarded them as unnecessary evils.

L. D. (Lye).—Send 6s. 6d. to the London General Supply Association for a chain to wear with one of their "prize" watches which you are supposed to have won? You must be mossy on the roof to think for one moment of such a thing.

T. S. (Pickering).—We will gladly read particulars of your "wrong," and if it lies within our power, we'll right it.

"GROUPITE" (Sunbury-on-Thames).—That'll be ninepence.

"MAYO" (Ireland).—For a West of Ireland peasant your verses have great merit. We cannot recommend music publishers. Consult the music announcements in the London newspapers.

"ALTON" (Oakamore).—Queen Victoria postage stamps are now obsolete.

F. B. (Stokes Bay).—All we have to say concerning the J. L. Pulvermacher Co., of Vulcan House, Ludgate Hill, E.C., is that we would be pulverised before we had any business transactions with them.

B. D. J. (Holyhead).—"O Mae Billy frwnt y Kaiser, Yr ynfytaf sydd yn bod; I dderbyn blas y powdwr, A'r bwled sydd yn dodd." Quite so.

A. A. (Tipton).—We haven't time to search the files of the newspapers for you.

"REFEREE" (Liverpool).—Pastor George Wise can tell you more about his pedigree than we can. He is a fanatical puritan.

J. J. (Liverpool).—It would be a stab in the back. The printing trade is not starred, as far as we know.

DVR. T. J. (B.E.F., France).—E. Donovan, in 1886, A. E. Duffy, in 1902, and D. J. Kelly, in 1906, all three in America, ran the 100 yards in 9 seconds.

RS. H. (Canning Town).—It is the rule. The K.B. is only given to the mother of triplets when all the infants survive.

"FREDA" (Herne Hill).—"The Right Hon. Lord Faulkner, L.E.P.R.," does not appear in "Burke's Peerage."

B. L. (Cardiff).—A series of simple illustrated exercises, specially arranged by Dr. Sloan Chesser for the home use of the woman worker, appears in the double number of *Everywoman's* now on sale. This is the very thing you require.

"BOURNEMOUTH" points out that at the annual meeting of shareholders of J. J. Allen, Ltd., Bournemouth, £1,600 was voted as remuneration and extras to the Directors—but not a halfpenny to the staff, though the Chairman boasted they had received their full salaries. They got the bone they earned. Lucky dogs!

Miss R. (Sloane Street, S.W.).—"None was," not "were," is the correct phrase, "none" being merely an abbreviation of "not one," and consequently singular number.

T. W. (St. Helens).—We dare say your old newspapers would be of some value to collectors of such things, but of what value we cannot say.

"PUNTER" (Birmingham).—Take no notice of the stupid attack to which you refer. *We* know much more about these things than the journal in question, and we repeat that both the firms you mention, namely, Geo. H. Warwick and "Gale's Special," are perfectly straight, and that their businesses are run quite independently. The only reason that their advertisements are not now appearing in our columns is that, owing to the stoppage of paper supplies and the consequent reduction in our size, we are compelled to exclude all sporting advertisements.

MRS. M. G. (Glasgow).—If in spite of all our warnings people *will* buy inferior tea from "bonus" firms, they must.

MISS (Newton Heath) wants to know the "name of the Grand Duke of Russia who visited Newcastle a few months ago on Russian Flag Day." She should make inquiries in Newcastle.

"A PROTECTOR OF LIFE."—As you anticipated, your letter strikes us as being utterly devoid of sense.

M. P. S. (London).—Quite right about Dearborn Limited, proprietory medicine manufacturers Theobald's Road, W.C. They are.

J. T. E. (Woolston).—No doubt the Local Government Board will give you an official answer on the point.

"FED UP" (Octon).—Well, the gentleman referred to is not a member of the Blue Ribbon Army, at any rate.

L/CPL. B. (Shirehampton).—Newcastle-on-Tyne is the capital town of Northumberland.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for April 29th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 072,499 and A'87,416. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

Pre-post bettors allowed the Newbury Spring Cup to be celebrated without doing any business, a fact which in the light of the result probably saved backers a good deal of money. Cerval, who won it, is an honest kind of horse, but by no means looked the likely winner of a real good handicap such as this was. The Newbury folk are to be congratulated on the success of their meeting, which, despite the "no rail" agitation, drew a fine attendance to the course on both days.

This week we have the First Spring Meeting at headquarters with the "Two Thousand" and "One Thousand" for its principal features. For the colts' race to-day (Wednesday),

ROI D'ECOSSE

looks a good thing, despite the fact that the official handicapper last year apprised him as a colt of only moderate calibre. For the fillies' race on Friday FIFINELLA looks best, with danger threatened by Canyon. Other winners to-day may be VERGE in the Bretby Handicap, and NOSY PARKER in the Barrow T.Y.O. Selling. To-morrow VERGE must be followed if kept for the Peel Handicap, and LUX looks good for the Brinkley Welter. On Friday, CARYANDA may win the Friday Welter, TOM FOOL the May Plate, and TREVELLA the Three-Year-Old Handicap.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 30.

Two readers sent coupons showing only two errors and share the £100, each receiving £50:—S. HENNIN, 11, Brondesbury Park Mansions, Brondesbury; W. TAYLOR, 25, Attwood Street, Longsight, Manchester.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

A. MACLEOD, 22, St. Ninian Street, Glasgow, S. April 15th. 160,629.

E. BOWE, 6, Simpson Street, New Shildon, Durham. April 15. 723,356.

E. KENNEDY, 137, Mazey Road, Plumstead. April 22nd. A382,440.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 29th:—

003,641	297,614	594,361	878,820	A136,782
029,840	318,162	627,832	892,738	A148,075
043,509	386,252	654,697	896,195	A177,243
085,165	409,221	683,811	911,766	A205,062
120,436	445,571	693,970	956,942	A222,224
158,799	463,747	725,121	983,786	A257,587
184,301	484,000	761,075	A000,145	A294,492
244,723	516,162	784,286	A044,766	A323,732
269,853	538,931	847,912	A072,243	A376,205
272,961	571,005	852,710	A093,107	A398,654

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published May 10th).

WHAT OUR READERS SAY.

Preston.

I am writing to express satisfaction with the Pen I received, which certainly fulfils its reputation, and is equal to the one I paid 10/6 for. Many thanks.

Yours etc., H.B.T.

Montreal, Canada.

I received Pen O.K. some time ago and I think it is as good as any you pay 3 dollars and upwards here.

Yours, etc., W. H. MCD.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. May 6. 1916

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"BULLETS"—3 NEW BIG PREMIERS!

No. Closing Date, Thursday, May 11th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(188) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 188, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, May 11th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(188) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 189. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MAY 18th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **189** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. **189**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 189.

WHEN TOMMY PROPOSES	GOING TOO FAR	BIG BILL	AFTER DINNER SPEECH
HAVING HIS WHACK	GETTING RIGHT HOME	WAKING THE BABY	SAYING NOTHING
WHAT THE KAISER THINKS	THE OFFICE CLOCK	LOST CHARACTER	TROUBLE BREWING
THE NEW MAID	IDLE BOAST	ENCIRCLING MOVEMENT	IF I WERE A WOMAN
A HOLY TERROR	CAUSES EMBARRASSMENT	SHINING LIGHT	MY DREAM

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 188.

WHAT THE KAISER KNOWS
IRISH STEW
A PRETTY PLOT
ZEPPELIN ATTACKS
COMPELLING THE MARRIED
AT MIDNIGHT
CLINGING TO POST
DUMMY GUNS
ONE TOO MANY
LUCKY ESCAPE
WE ALL EXPECT
NEW SUBALTERN
TAX ON MATCHES
MY LANDLADY
MAKES TOMMY SMART
WINNING HAND
HARD TO PART
NEIGHBOUR'S SINGING
HALF MEASURES
MOST PAINFUL WHEN
SIMPLE LIFE
REFUSED
GOVERNMENT WORKS
POOR FATHER
RATES AND TAXES
FAMILY SKELETON
MEAN BUSINESS
NOT IN AGREEMENT
BEARDED LADY
GERMAN SAUSAGE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet:—

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
NOT IN AGREEMENT.

Bullet:—
TOMMY WITH CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

Example:—
SIMPLE LIFE.

Bullet:—
EVERYBODY LEADS NOW.

Example:—
MOST PAINFUL WHEN.

Bullet:—
MISER PARTS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on the coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated May 27th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's" dated May 6th.

RESULT OF 185TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250 :—

Mr. S. J. LLOYD,
School House, Kentchester, Hereford.
Example :—Rank Imposter.
Bullet :—"Fools" His Patrons.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25 :—

Mr. THOMAS GRAY,
Pentrepoeth Surgery, Morriston, Glam.
Example :—Owing To The War.
Bullet :—All "Preparations" Have "Increased."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH :—

Mr. W. G. Cavey, 68, Caulfield Road, Swindon, Wilts: Kept Secret—The Allies' "Moving Day."
Mr. F. Burton, 84, Hengist Road, Erith, Kent: For Neutral Consumption—Often Means "Sold Again."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. A. G. Marland, "Ivydene," Bolton Road, Farnworth, Bolton: When Tommy's Paid—After "Fighting" For It.
Mr. R. Morrison, Main Street, Buchlyvie, Stirling: Pure And Simple—A Revue That Failed.
Mr. G. W. Edwards, Boreton Farm, Near Shrewsbury: The Budget's Effect—"Taking Waters" At Home.
Mr. A. Jones, Windsor Road, Maidenhead: Owing To The War—"Living" "Beyond Our Means."
Mrs. M. MacCormal, 48, St. Giles Street, Norwich: Why Maid Left—Not "Up" To Work.
Mrs. F. Barnes, 77, Seventh Avenue, Manor Park: Why Maid Left—She "Fancied" Things.
Mr. John Adams, 20, West Savile Terrace, Edinburgh: Sweet Girl—"Pretty" Often Told So.
Mr. W. Isted, The Maples, Bellemoor Rd., Southampton: The Kaiser's Lament—Our "Smacks" Get Home.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH :—

Mr. M. H. Pearson, 49, Whalley Road, Manchester: Beyond A Joke—Novices Practising Bugle Calls.
Mr. F. P. Reid, Arisaig, Sydney Road, Walton on Thames: Owing To The War—King's Bounty Worth Treble.
Mrs. T. P. Page, 253, Rothbury Tce., Newcastle-on-Tyne: At The Pictures—Attendant Plays "Leading" Part.
Mr. J. S. Wilson, 118, Harrington Road, Workington, Cumberland: Why Maid Left—Uncle "Unfolded" The Reason.
Mr. Jos. Gunner, 56, Gosforth Street, Shieldfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne: Rapid Promotion—Private With "Private" Income.
Mr. A. Conquest, Hillcrest, Hartley, Cranbrook: When Father Helps—"Rest" Of Family "Done."
Mr. E. A. Whitehouse, 37, South Road, Smethwick, near Birmingham: First Sweetheart—And Last—Spinster's Cat.
Mr. S. Elkin, 42, Ricardo Street, Dresden, Stoke-on-Trent: Kept Secret—Never Coster's Selling Price.
Mr. R. Turner, 100, Chesham Road, Bury, Lancs.: When Tommy's Paid—Everything "Goes" Merrily.
Mr. H. Wilds, 1, Quarry Bnk., Whetstone Lane, Birkenhead: Rank Imposter—"Scum" That Won't "Settle."

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, May 11th.
Example.....
Bullet.....
Example.....
Bullet.....
(188) P.O. No.....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.
Signed.....
Address.....
If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 188," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, May 11th.
Example.....
Bullet.....
Example.....
Bullet.....
(188) P.O. No.....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.
Signed.....
Address.....
If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against Zeppelin or other air raids, bombardment, invasion, raid, riot, civil commotion, civil war, revolution, rebellion, blockade—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of John Bull—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver John Bull to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

May 6, 1916. .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., John Bull, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of John Bull with.....
..... Newsagent,
of .....
..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of John Bull, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

(*Strike out one of these.*)

May 6, 1916.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address.....

"Good Company"

To the smoker who is wise,
There's a tip I would advise;
Don't forget the Chairman Juniors
When a friend you call to see;
For they take a deal of beating
Just to celebrate a meeting
And ensure a hearty greeting
"In Jovial Company."

If a smoker of cigarettes, you cannot do better than have Chairman Juniors. They are made of pure Virginia tobacco so blended that they smoke cool to the tongue, and with a flavour that pleases nine men in every ten. In fact, they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold everywhere at

3d. for 10.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them ... And they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd. Manchester.

Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.
All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.